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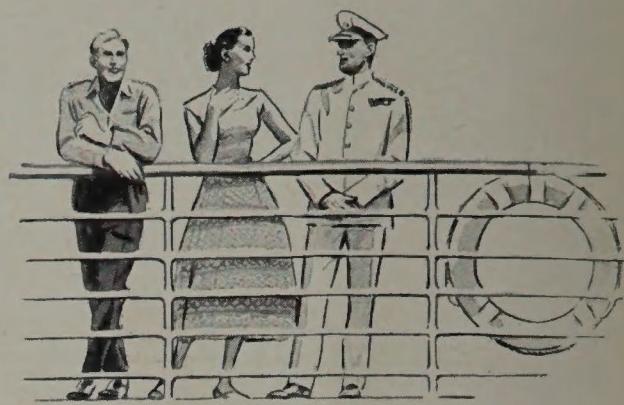
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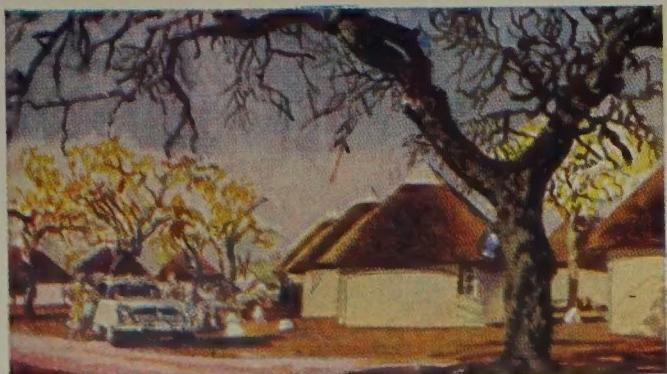


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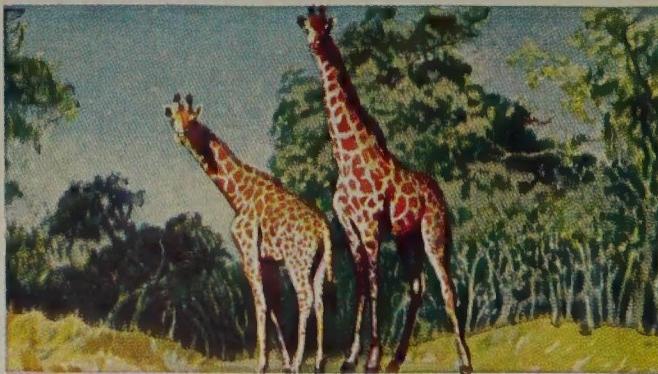
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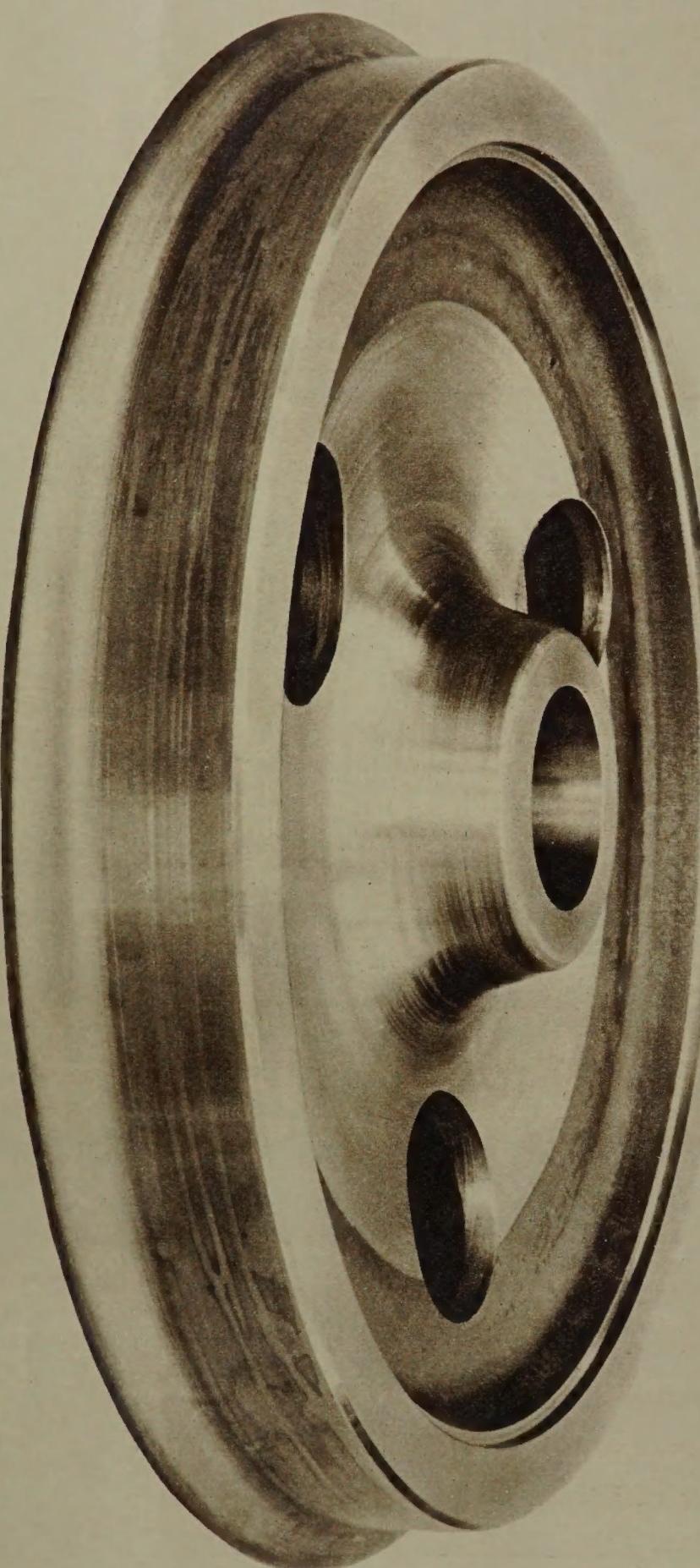
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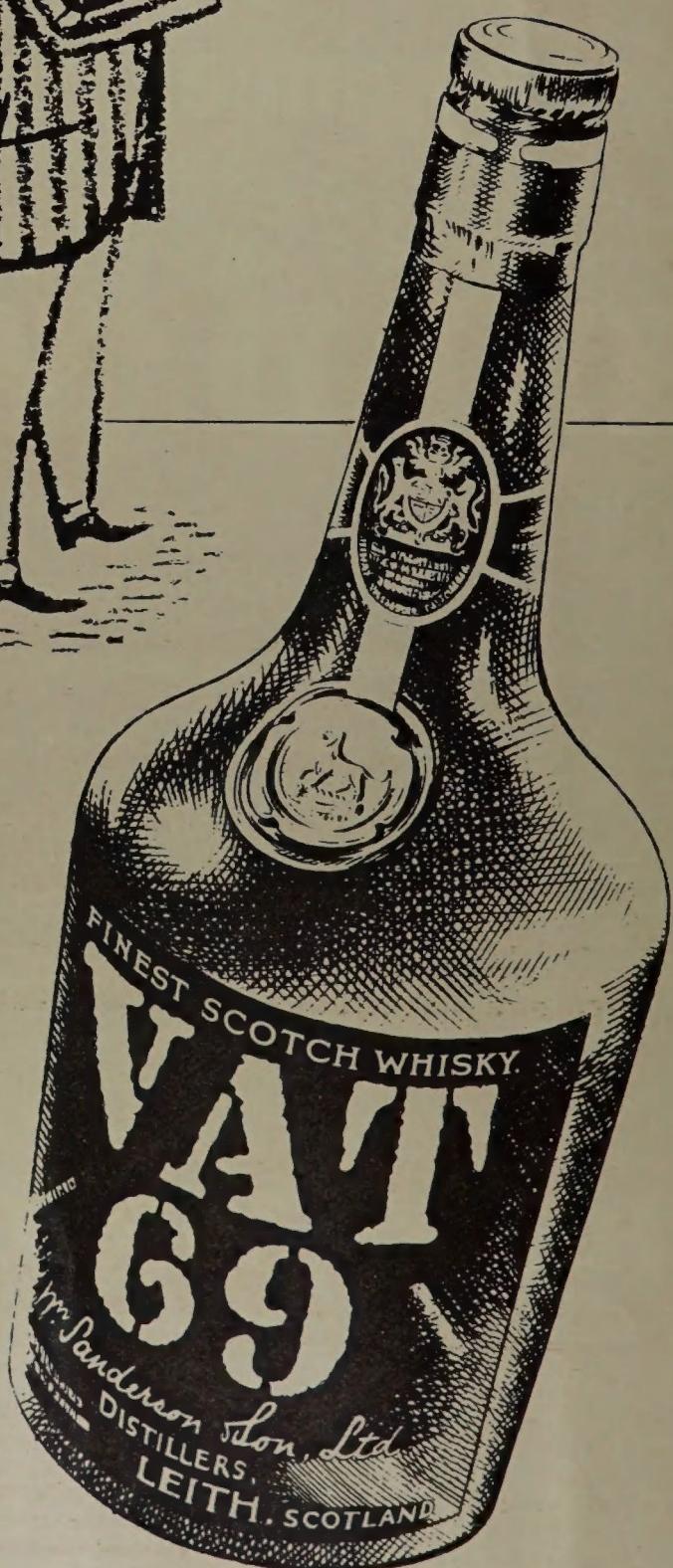
Every man

has a

'double'

when it's

Vat 69!



**“Time to
dress for
dinner
ALREADY?”**



It's the new Alec Guinness film tonight — better not be late for dinner. And there may be dancing afterwards. We've spent most of the day at the pool. The Seabrooks gave a small cocktail party before lunch. The two albatrosses that have been convoying us since Sunday are still alongside. I've got an appointment for a hair-do at 10.30 tomorrow.

The sun's tanning me and bleaching my hair! Today I saw in the wardrobe the tweed skirt I was wearing when we came on board at Southampton. Ugh! It made me wince, it looked so hot and heavy. I'm glad I've picked a husband whose business keeps him on the move between England and Africa. This is the way to travel!

THE GOING'S GOOD BY

UNION CASTLE



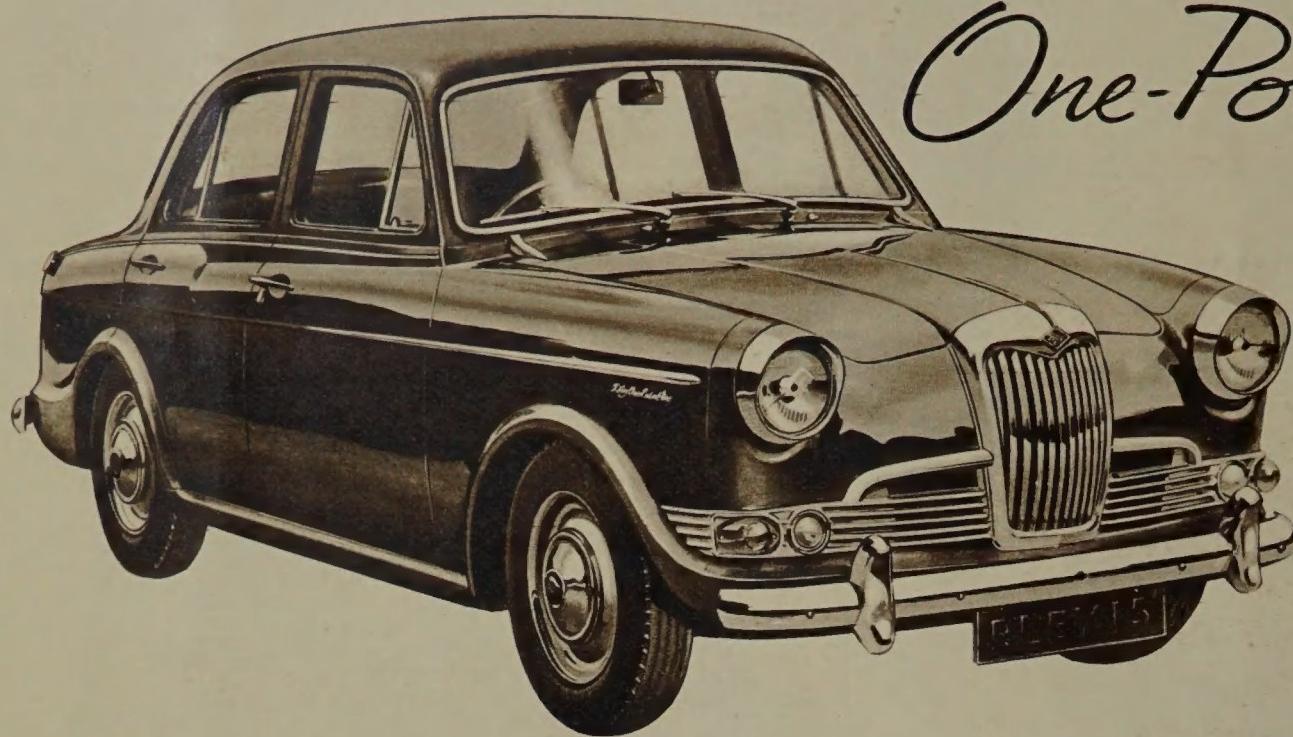
From Southampton or London, there's always a Union-Castle passenger ship leaving for South or East Africa in the next few days: into the Atlantic or through the Mediterranean, in southern sunshine and through calm seas. Every Thursday at 4 p.m. a ship leaves Southampton for the fourteen day run to Cape Town.

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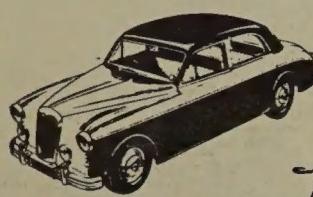


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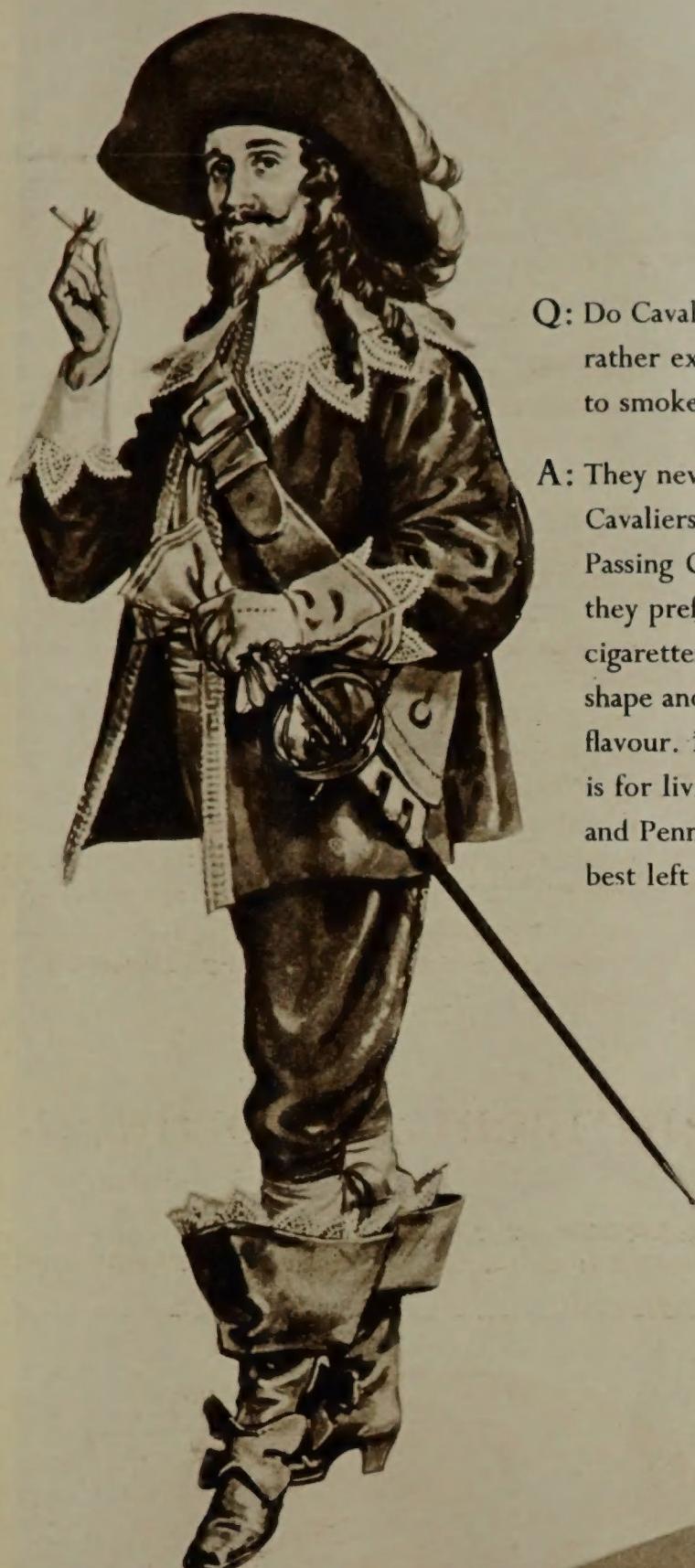
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1958.



THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF A GOLDEN MARRIAGE : SIR WINSTON AND LADY CHURCHILL LEAVING THE BEACH AT MONTE CARLO, WITH THEIR GRANDDAUGHTER, ARABELLA, ON THE EVE OF THEIR ANNIVERSARY.

The fiftieth anniversary of that marriage of which Sir Winston himself said, "What can be more glorious than to be united in one's walk through life with a being incapable of an ignoble thought?" was celebrated quietly and privately at Lord Beaverbrook's Villa Capponcina, near Nice, on September 12. The only family guests were their son, Mr. Randolph Churchill, and his eight-year-old daughter, Arabella; and the only visitors during the day were M. Gramaglia, the Mayor of Cap d'Ail, and his wife,

who brought a basket of red roses, and Lady Helen Nutting, who arrived for dinner. Throughout the day innumerable presents and telegrams of congratulation arrived from all over the world and from all sorts and conditions of people from Heads of State down. The family present was a particularly delightful one: an avenue of golden roses for Chartwell and a large illuminated vellum volume with the portraits of the roses from the hands of many painters, some of which are illustrated on page 461.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

BLACK dogs and white dogs do not fly at each other—at least not often!—and, when they do, it is never on account of their colour. This may be because dogs in this matter are more charitable and civilised than human beings or merely because—as some contend—they are colour-blind. But in Notting Hill and Nottingham, as well as in Little Rock and in what we are told by certain South African statesmen is to be the future Republic of South Africa, black and white cannot meet on terms of equality without violence or oppression. There may be many reasons for this—some of them highly discreditable to the white human beings who in each of these four cases have taken the initiative in uncharitable action against their darker fellow-creatures. But there is one reason, it should be noticed, common to them all: that in all four communities a large number of persons of one colour and, with it, of a particular social background and custom, are living in close proximity to those of another. This, and the rock of human nature—jealous, fearful, self-assertive, and, under certain circumstances, sadistic—are the crux of the matter. For without this prior condition the evil would not have arisen. There are no colour riots and no colour hatred in Moreton-in-Marsh or St. Anthony in Roseland, nor, I believe, in Nizhny Novgorod. This is because in these places all, or nearly all, the inhabitants are of one colour. If they were half white and half black the position would almost certainly before long be different. This is a point which ought to be kept in mind by all those responsible for the governance of mankind—and that, in democracies, includes not only politicians and civil servants, but everyone with a vote. In other words, a colour problem is in danger of arising wherever two communities of men of different colour and background start to live cheek by jowl with one another. A few black citizens in a white community of several hundred or thousand persons will not create colour hatred; nor will a few white citizens in a black community. But several hundreds or thousands may very easily do so. There is not, for instance, the slightest evidence for supposing that there was any colour feeling in mediæval England or, for that matter, in mediæval Africa. This was not because the people of mediæval England were any more humane or more reasonable than their modern descendants in Notting Hill and Nottingham, but merely because a Negro or an Indian or a Chinaman was such a rarity in England as to be incapable *per se* of arousing feelings of fear, envy and resentment. Yet such feelings existed, and often took the most violent and horrible forms, against Jews and against fellow-Europeans like Flemings and Italians. That was because, for reasons of trade, there were large numbers of Jews, Flemings and Italians living cheek by jowl with the native inhabitants in many towns in England. Wherever this happened, race resentment and race riots were liable to occur.

It is no use ignoring this fact, merely because it is deplorable and shames human nature. A lot of things shame human nature. Like all these it must be regretted, yet taken into account. What invalidates the high principles of many apostles of

what is sometimes—out of its political content—called liberalism is that, because they disapprove of evil, they persist in behaving as though it did not, or at least need not, exist. Evil does exist, and anyone who fails to recognise the fact has not fully grown up. The object of a true liberal or humanitarian should not be to ignore evil but to control and limit its disastrous effects. And, as humanity is divided into at least four widely distinguished colour groups—black, brown, white and yellow—colour hatred, a manifest evil, can easily become a very great evil indeed. There is another rule which usually appears to apply in this painful matter. The poorer and less educated the community in which the problem of colour hatred arises, the more violent and vile its reaction is likely to be. It is not the bourgeois gentlefolk of South Kensington or the intelligentsia of Bloomsbury and Chelsea who have been beating up the African community in London, but the

productive of immense evil, can happen in that time, and statesmen, unlike philosophers and political theorists, have to legislate for much shorter periods. Nor, it should be remembered, do communities of different colour necessarily succeed in resolving their difficulties even after they have lived together for three or four generations. They have not done so in South Africa, nor have they done so in the Southern States of what many, including all Americans, regard as the most liberal country in the world, the United States. In both these countries the inter-mixture of two or more coloured communities has occurred in the remote past—in the case of one as a result of a terrible crime against humanity—and statesmen are faced with stubborn historical facts. To create a colour problem in a country where none has hitherto existed is, therefore, a serious responsibility for any statesman.

One thing, however, is certain: that whether it is wise politically to encourage large numbers of folk of one colour and habit to settle in the midst of those of another, it is the grossest folly, as well as gross inhumanity, to treat or permit to be treated, people of one colour or race as being in any way inferior, in either status or right, to those of another. It is utterly repugnant to the tenets of Christianity, and to the spirit of a gentleman—an outmoded conception that, however misused and misinterpreted in the past, is badly needed in the world to-day—to regard any fellow-being as an inferior or outcast because his colour differs from one's own. Anyone who wishes to understand just how evil it is should read the deeply-moving and painful introductory chapter of the autobiography of that great American singer and Negro champion, Paul Robeson. Here he will find, in terms that for any educated man or woman shame and shatter the artificial barriers of colour, the evidence of what the "Jim Crow" mentality—that horrible wraith of the slave status of the past—can do in degrading the despiser and searing the despised.

"Princeton," this sensitive and highly-educated man writes of the cultured American university town that was the home of his



ON THE EVE OF THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY: SIR WINSTON AND LADY CHURCHILL ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA.

This photograph was taken just before Sir Winston's and Lady Churchill's golden wedding anniversary which took place on Friday, September 12. Fifty years previously Sir Winston married Miss Clementine Hozier, daughter of Lady Blanche Hozier and granddaughter of Lord Airlie, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. It was the most memorable London wedding of 1908. Miss Hozier was then aged twenty-three and Sir Winston was thirty-four. Even at that age, Sir Winston was already one of the House of Commons' most famous figures. He had experienced the Battle of Omdurman, the Spanish War, the Boer War, and had created a political sensation by crossing the floor of the House in 1904 to join the Liberal Party.

semi-barbarous toughs or "Teddy Boys" of Notting Hill and Paddington.

All this being so, it would be better if statesmen, black and white, brown and yellow, did their best to avoid creating, except for some very good reason, the conditions in which communities of limited education and different colour live in over-close proximity to one another. There may be economic or other advantages in suddenly planting a large number of white men and women in a long-established black community, or vice versa, but if the result is going to be colour jealousy, colour hatred and colour rioting, the advantages are likely to prove illusory. After a time, of course, say three or four generations, if only the peace can be kept in the meantime, communities of different colours may learn, as they ought to, to live together in perfect amity, mutual tolerance and equality, and, if only this happy state could be reached quickly, there would be no objection—in fact, exactly the opposite—to mixing communities of different colour. But three or four generations is a long time, and a great deal,

youth, "was Jim Crow; the grade school that I attended was segregated and Negroes were not permitted in any high school. My oldest brother, Bill, had to travel to Trenton—eleven miles away—to attend high school, and I would have had to do the same had we not moved to another town. No Negro students were admitted to the university, although one or two were allowed to attend the divinity school. Under the caste system in Princeton the Negro, restricted to menial jobs at low pay and lacking any semblance of political rights or bargaining power, could not hope for justice." * That is a hard saying, but it is impossible to read Robeson's book, however little one may agree with his politics, without realising the truth of his experience and the shattering effect of it. To ignore the existence of colour prejudice, especially among the uneducated, may be folly, but to perpetuate racial inequality by legislation or social prescription is something far worse than folly. It is a crime against the soul of man, and, because against man's soul, against God.

* Paul Robeson, "Here I Stand," Denis Dobson, p. 18.



PAINTED DIRECT ON THE VELLUM BY SIR MATTHEW SMITH.



"MOONBEAM," BY JOHN ALDRIDGE, A.R.A.



"LYDIA," BY JOHN NASH, R.A.



"GOLDEN EMBLEM," BY AUGUSTUS JOHN, O.M., P.A.

FOUR ROSES—FROM THE GOLDEN WEDDING PRESENT TO SIR WINSTON AND LADY CHURCHILL.

As reported on our front page, the golden wedding present given to Sir Winston Churchill and Lady Churchill by their son and three daughters is an avenue of golden roses to be planted this autumn at Chartwell—and the magnificent illuminated book from which the four pages above are reproduced. This vellum-bound book of vellum pages has paintings of the twenty-eight varieties of roses to be planted, by twenty-nine artists, who have all delighted to have a hand in this work—the extra page being an endpiece by Sir Matthew Smith. In addition, there are front and end floral landscapes by Sir Winston's old friend, André Dunoyer de Segonzac, a quatrain by Mr. Paul Jennings, and a plan of the avenue. The book has

been bound by Maltby's, of Oxford. The resplendent book-marker is a gift from Garter King-at-Arms. The twenty-eight artists, all of whom have presented their work, are, as named in the book: Adrian Daintrey, Primrose Harley, W. G. Scott-Brown, Cathleen Mann, John Barrow, Richard Chopping, John Armstrong, Alice Burton, Margaret Birkenhead, Celia Jennings, Mary Potter, Ivon Hitchens, Paul Maze, Duncan Grant, Dorothea MacLagan, Natalie Bevan, John O'Connor, Vanessa Bell, Cecil Beaton, Betty Churchill, John Nash, Peggy Ramsay, Augustus John, R. A. Butler, Peter Norton, Denis Wirth-Miller, John Aldridge, Oliver Messel. The script and illumination are by Mr. Denzil Reeves.

MAINLY AERONAUTICAL : THE COMET IV'S LATEST TRIUMPH AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS.



PHOTOGRAPHED JUST BEFORE TAKE-OFF : EIGHT HANDLEY-PAGE VICTORS OF NO. 10 SQUADRON, R.A.F., STATIONED AT COTTESMORE, RUTLAND.

The Handley Page *Victor* is the last of the R.A.F.'s famous three types of aircraft known to the public as V-bombers. It is at present in Squadron service. The *Victor* can both out-fly and out-maneuvre any of the R.A.F.'s fighter aircraft.



THE COMET IV LANDING AT HATFIELD ON SEPTEMBER 14 AFTER FLYING A DISTANCE OF 7,925 MILES HUNG MILE IN 18 HOURS 22 MIN.

This new jet airliner, captained by Group Captain John Cunningham, de Havillands' famous chief test pilot, flew at an average speed of 687 m.p.h. Also on board was Mr. Basil Smallpeice, Managing Director of B.O.A.C. It was one of the fastest long-distance flights yet made by a civil aircraft.



PREPARATIONS FOR BATTLE OF BRITAIN DAY : INTERESTED BYSTANDERS WATCH AS A HAWKER HUNTER (LEFT) AND A BLOODHOUND GUIDED MISSILE ARE SET UP.

The fighter plane and the missile are among the military equipment which will be exhibited on Horse Guards Parade on the annual Battle of Britain Commemoration Day, which is to be held Saturday, September 20.



BATTLE OF BRITAIN WEEK : OFFICERS, AIRMEN AND AIRWOMEN, SEEN ABOVE, WILL RE-ENACT A BIG AIR BATTLE IN A RECONSTRUCTION OF A FIGHTER COMMAND SECTOR OPERATIONS ROOM.



AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FIRE WHICH CLOSED COLLINS' MUSIC HALL : FIREMEN FIGHTING THE BLAZE IN A TIMBER YARD IN ESSEX ROAD, ISLINGTON, FROM THE SURROUNDING ROOFTOPS.

Collins' Music Hall at Islington Green was seriously damaged on September 13 and is likely to be closed for some weeks as the result of a severe outbreak of fire in the neighbouring premises of a timber merchant. Some 150 London firemen got the fire under control, but the timber yard was burnt out.



THE FAVOURITE AND AN EASY WINNER : ALCIDE BEING LED AFTER WINNING THE ST. LEGER BY EIGHT LENGTHS AT DONCASTER ON SEPT. 13. Sir Humphrey de Trafford's three-year-old *Alcide* proved his outstanding quality when, ridden by W. H. Carr, he won the St. Leger by eight lengths from *None Nicer*. Trained by Captain C. Boyd-Rochfort, *Alcide* is this Newmarket trainer's sixth winner in this last classic race of the season.

A BATTLE OF BRITAIN MEMORIAL; THE NEW U.S. EMBASSY; AND OTHER NEWS.



OUT IN THE OPEN, BUT PERFECTLY PRESERVED : ARTILLERY IN PLASTIC COCOONING AT DONTON, SALOP. THE METER WHICH IS BEING STUDIED BY THE INSPECTOR GIVES A READING FOR THE HUMIDITY INSIDE THE COCOONING. A GUN CAN BE READY FOR FIRING IN FOUR HOURS.



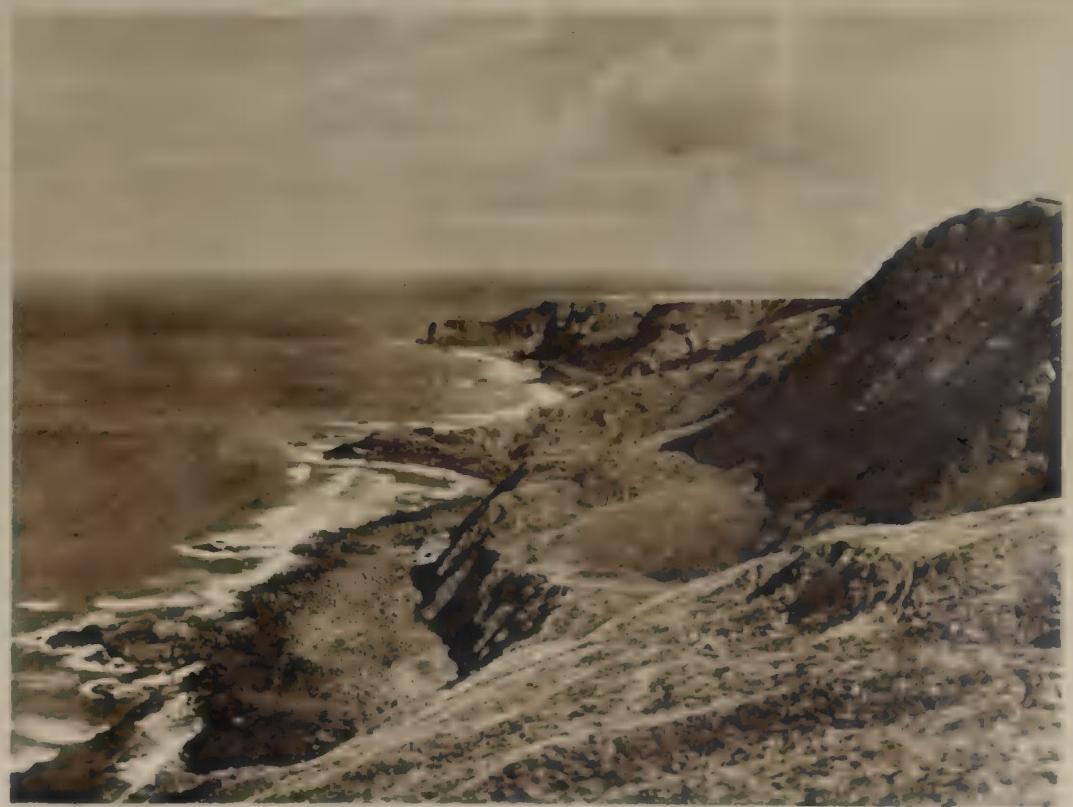
UP FOR SALE—ROLLING-STOCK, TRACK, STATIONS AND ALL—ONE OF ENGLAND'S FEW REMAINING MINIATURE RAILWAYS : THE RAVENGLEAS AND ESKDALE RAILWAY, WHICH RUNS 7½ MILES FROM THE CUMBERLAND COAST TO BOOT AT THE HEAD OF ESKDALE.



DESIGNED TO BE WHOLLY MODERN YET A "GOOD NEIGHBOUR" TO THE OLDER BUILDINGS OF MAYFAIR : A RECENT VIEW, FROM ABOVE, OF THE NEW AMERICAN EMBASSY NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN GROSVENOR SQUARE. THE ARCHITECT IS THE FINNISH-BORN MR. EERO SAARINEN, NOW A U.S. SUBJECT.



GAY UMBRELLAS, FLOODLIGHTING AND FLORAL FURNISHING IN A CONTINENTAL STYLE—
IN EUSTON STATION : A NEWLY-OPENED REFRESHMENT TERRACE.
This terrace restaurant, which will be warmed, when necessary, ■■■ opened on Sept. 8
and is ■■■ new feature at Euston Station. The tables stand under coloured umbrellas
among the tubs of plants. All the surfaces are plastic-covered for easy cleaning.



GIVEN TO THE NATION AS A MEMORIAL : PART OF A TWO-MILE STRETCH OF CORNISH CLIFFS BETWEEN BUDE AND BOSCASTLE. ON THE RIGHT IS HIGH CLIFF, IN THE DISTANCE, ■■■ A stretch of cliff land and foreshore of 375 acres on the north Cornish coast has been given to the National Trust by Wing Commander A. G. Parnall in memory of his brother and air-crew who died in the Battle of Britain. High Cliff is Thomas Hardy's "Cliff Without a Name."

ON September 9 Mr. Hammarskjöld was engaged in the final conversations at Amman, which were the object of his visit to Jordan. He flew on to Beirut that evening. On the 10th he discussed with the acting Foreign Minister of Lebanon the possibilities of an international force for the purpose of guaranteeing the independence and integrity of Lebanon in place of the American force at present stationed there. When he left Amman, the Secretary-General appeared to be fairly optimistic, and the Jordan Government not at all. The result of the interviews on the 11th in Beirut are unofficially stated to have been "inconclusive." This is a slender handful of facts, but we do, of course, know a great deal about the respective backgrounds.

One of the most significant features of the situation in Jordan, which it is to be assumed was forcibly illustrated to the visitor, is that the vicious attacks of the Cairo and Damascus radios have continued in virtually full force. No progress has been made towards an improvement in the hostile attitude of the United Arab Republic. For example, there has been no talk of the restoration of permission for Jordanian aircraft to fly over Syrian territory, a very important matter. The opinion of the Jordan Government would seem to have been that Mr. Hammarskjöld had brought them little cheer out of Cairo, or, indeed, out of Baghdad, and that for their part they could not be expected to hurry or to make any move without great caution.

As for Beirut, we are left uncertain about the official views. The talks may well have been highly abstract and philosophical, since one element of the problem is the form in which the "presence" of that composite deity, the United Nations, can be persuaded to brood over Syria and at the same time be tolerated. It seems to be doubted whether that presence can be wafted across from New York—though Nasser has proved good at wafting—but if it is to be embodied, will it be tolerable? Old-fashioned diplomats may find this conception of "presence" hazy, but they ought not to condemn it untested. All good luck to the U.N. if it can remedy the present ills, even if it uses blather in the process!

If the official talks were "inconclusive," the demands of the Opposition in Lebanon, announced immediately on the arrival of Mr. Hammarskjöld, were delightfully simple and direct. It began by demanding the immediate withdrawal of the United States forces. This was, of course, the obvious first move, and therefore requires no comment. Then, however, the Opposition went on to say that there was no need for the United Nations observers—which is doubtless true from its point of view—and that their mission should be terminated. Here at least we can find some firm ground amid the political quick-sands of this strange country. We can be confident that this latter demand will be disregarded for the present. The future in this respect must be determined by a new Government.

The two countries present different problems. Jordan is threatened from without, explosive within. Its Government is of an emergency character with arbitrary powers. At the same time there are no shams about Jordan, whereas they pullulate in Lebanon. Jordan's part in the famous unanimous resolution of the United Nations may be described as *acceptance* of the words which dealt with the withdrawal of troops, but *emphasis* on the proposals that the principles of the United Nations Charter, and even those of the Arab League, should be applied. Jordan does not desire a United Nations observer group and has said so all through. She does not want to keep the British troops eternally, but neither does she want them to depart before the objects for which they were sent have been fulfilled.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE SECRETARY-GENERAL'S TOUR.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

To find a parallel to one aspect of the situation in Beirut, we might suppose Mr. Gaitskell to be in control of a London district bounded on the



SOME OF THE JORDAN ARMY'S CONTEMPORARY EQUIPMENT: A NUMBER OF CHARIOTEER TANKS LINED UP FOR MAINTENANCE AT ZERKA CAMP. IN HIS ARTICLE CAPTAIN FALLS REFERS TO THE DIFFICULTY OF TRAINING BEDOUIN RECRUITS IN THE USE OF MODERN MILITARY EQUIPMENT.



UNDERGOING A PRELIMINARY PERIOD OF ELEMENTARY SCHOOLING: SOME OF THE MANY ILLITERATE RECRUITS WHO JOIN THE JORDAN ARMY, HERE HAVING A GEOGRAPHY LESSON IN THE OPEN AIR AT THE ZERKA CAMP.

A NOTE TO OUR READERS.

"THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH."

IN this issue we continue our series of illustrations of schools in Great Britain and the Commonwealth with a special section on Melbourne Grammar School (Australia). Other schools which will be illustrated in this series during the next few weeks are:

Cheltenham College
(September 27)

Malvern College (October 4)

Rugby School (October 11)

The King's School, Parramatta
(Australia) (October 18)

Taunton School (October 25)

King Edward's School,
Birmingham (November 1)

Charterhouse (November 8)

Merchant Taylors' School
(November 22)

south by Commercial Road, on the north by the Grand Junction Canal, and on the west by Commercial Street, Shoreditch High Street, and Kingsland Road, with all entrances barricaded and Mr. Harold Wilson G.O.C. Western Defences. Mr. Gaitskell would stage occasional armed parades in Bethnal Green Road. He

would also leave his fortress when requested and make his way, accompanied by his political lieutenants, to hold conferences with the Caretaker

Tory Government in Whitehall on the subjects of the constitution and of the command of the military forces of the State.

Somewhere in the Cotswolds, but from time to time thrusting eastward in the direction of the capital, would be Mr. Bevan's mobile Welsh forces, part motorised, part mounted on horses, representing the Druses. His attitude to the Leader of the Opposition would be somewhat obscure, which, of course, spoils the analogy. Occasionally, armed forces of the Government might cross his path, in which case a parley would be held. More rarely a few rounds of ammunition would be let off. If the great partisan captain approached London too closely, he would be met by the G.O.C. London District, who would suggest that this sort of thing was not done, whereupon the insurgents, accompanied by their beef on the hoof, would, after a token protest, withdraw amicably out of contact.

Yet, double talk and posturing apart, Lebanon is in a period of transition, an interregnum. Until she has emerged from this, I suggest that the less that is done from outside, the better. When she has emerged, the main alternatives are: she will want the American forces to go at once or stay a while longer; want the observers to go or to stay; and desire or not desire that the observers should be (a) reinforced, or (b) replaced, by an international force. She should have her will. There would be an element of the ridiculous in saving the honour of a lady who did not want it saved. The one course to be avoided is that of walking out against the will of the official spokesmen without precautions against foes walking in.

As I have said, the case of Jordan is simpler. I have not been in the country since the British officers left the Arab Legion, and thus find it hard to assess its chances of survival. But I hold it to be essential that we should not allow ourselves to be bluffed out of the country before there has been an improvement in the behaviour of the United Arab Republic and the best possible assurance that it is not preparing fresh attempts to overthrow the State. The King some time ago hinted that, if he had the necessary arms and equipment, he could hold his own alone. This is a suggestion worth close examination. The difficulty is that he would probably have to rely chiefly on more Bedouin recruits, and that, for all their fine qualities, teaching them the use of armour, artillery, or any complex equipment is a slow and difficult process.

Because at the time of writing nothing has emerged to justify the optimism of the Secretary-General, and plenty to justify the pessimism of the Jordanian Government, is not to consign the results of the tour to the waste-paper basket of failure. It may be that Mr. Hammarskjöld has something up his sleeve. He could in no case divulge what the results of his exchanges of views had been until he had returned home and prepared and put in his report. The time limit for that is the last day of this month. That unanimous resolution unanimously sponsored by the Arab representatives was a laudable effort, but so far its interpretation has not been uniform. There is still a lot of trouble ahead.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



AN INTRICATE SYSTEM OF FORTIFIED CAVES AND BUNKERS : A HILLSIDE NEAR THE SHORE OF QUEMOY ISLAND, FACING THE CHINESE MAINLAND.

GIVING SOME PROTECTION AGAINST THE HEAVY BOMBARDMENT FROM THE CHINESE MAINLAND : ONE OF THE SUNKEN ROADS ON QUEMOY.



A SMALL VILLAGE ■ THE INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND : SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS EMERGING FROM A TRENCH DURING A BREAK IN THE BOMBARDMENT.



OUTSIDE THE RUINS OF HER HOME, DESTROYED IN THE SHELLING : A YOUNG QUEMOY GIRL CARRYING HER BABY SISTER ON HER BACK.



DESTROYED BY A DIRECT HIT FROM THE CHINESE MAINLAND : THE WRECKAGE OF A NATIONALIST LANDING CRAFT, WHICH HAD BEEN LOADED WITH AMMUNITION, LYING ON A QUEMOY BEACH.



FIRING BACK AT THE CHINESE MAINLAND : A CHINESE NATIONALIST GUNNER MANNING A HOWITZER ON QUEMOY ISLAND.

THE CHINA SEA. UNDER HEAVY BOMBARDMENT FROM THE CHINESE MAINLAND: NATIONALIST-HELD QUEMOY ISLAND.

On August 23 the Chinese Communists opened their bombardment of Quemoy and other Nationalist-held islands close to the Chinese mainland. Since then hundreds of thousands of shells have hit the island and heavy damage has been done. On September 11, in his nation-wide television broadcast to the American people, President Eisenhower stated that since the bombardment had started, over 1000 people had been wounded or killed, a large part of them civilians, and he referred to the supply shortages in the Quemoy islands.

While in his speech the President made it clearer than ever that there would be no U.S. appeasement in the Far East, the efforts to find a peaceful solution to the Formosa crisis continued, and on September 14 it was announced that diplomatic discussions on the crisis would be opened in Warsaw on the following day. The bombardment, meanwhile, continued, and there was a report that Russian-made 200 mm. guns had been moved into the area opposite Quemoy. But on the 14th some supplies did reach Quemoy despite the gunfire.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.

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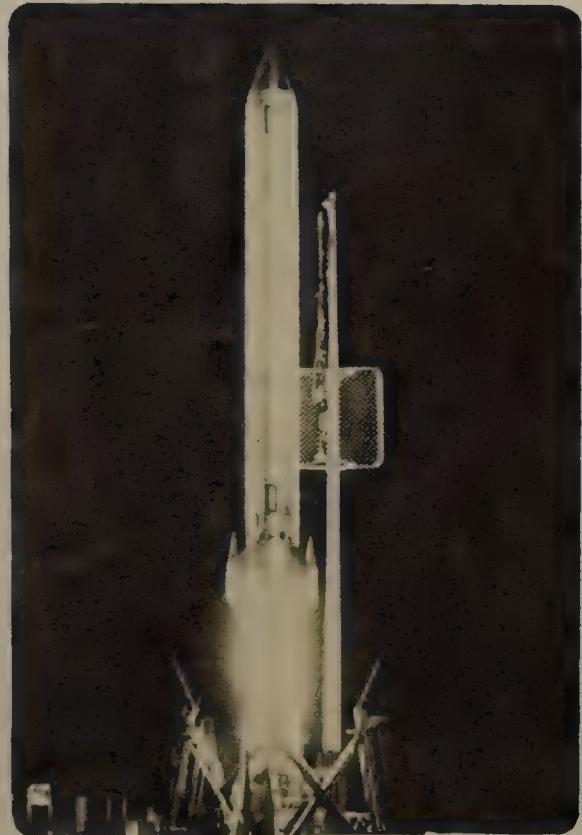
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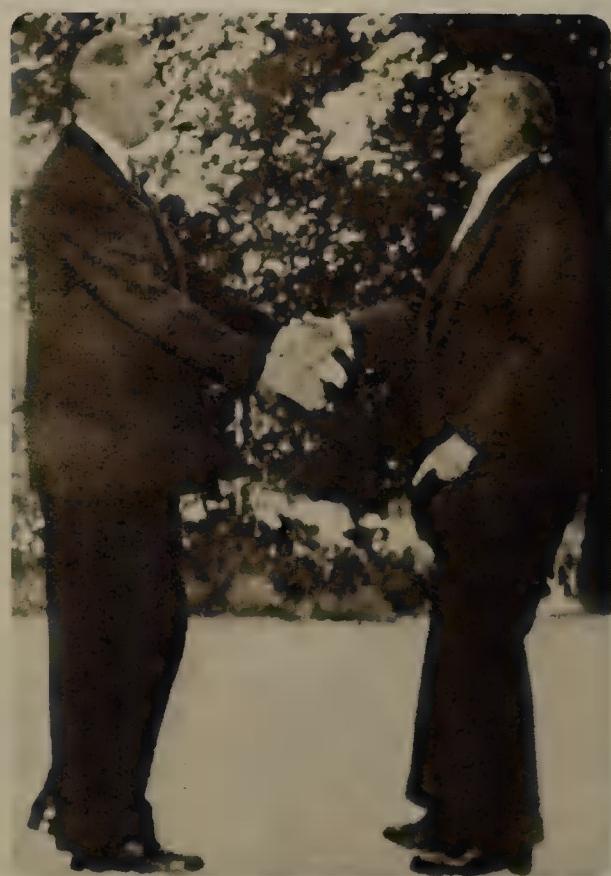
ROTTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS. CUTTING THE LAST STRAND HOLDING THE
HUGE LINER: QUEEN JULIANA LAUNCHING ROTTERDAM ON SEPTEMBER 13.
Watched by a crowd of many thousands, Queen Juliana launched a new flagship for the
Holland-America Line transatlantic fleet from the yard of the Rotterdam Dockyard
Company, and named her *Rotterdam*.



ROTTERDAM. MOVING RAPIDLY INTO THE WATER AT HER
LAUNCHING: THE NEW LINER ROTTERDAM.



WOOMERA, AUSTRALIA. AT THE START OF
ITS VERY SUCCESSFUL TEST FLIGHT: BLACK KNIGHT
LEAVING THE LAUNCHING PAD ON SEPTEMBER 7.
Black Knight, Britain's first ballistic missile, was
fired with complete success at Woomera, and was
later reported to have reached a height of 100 miles.
At a London Press conference the Minister of Supply
stated that the cost of the *Black Knight* project so
far had been between £4 m. and £5 m.



COLOMBEY-LES-DEUX-ÉGLISES, FRANCE.
GENERAL DE GAULLE (LEFT) WELCOMING THE GERMAN
CHANCELLOR, DR. ADENAUER.
General de Gaulle and Dr. Adenauer met for the first
time on September 14, when they discussed common
problems at the French Premier's country home.
In a joint statement they said: "We are both pro-
foundly conscious of . . . the
significance of our meeting."



NEWARK BAY, NEW JERSEY, U.S. HANGING FROM
THE OPEN DRAWBRIDGE: ONE OF THREE CARRIAGES OF A
PASSENGER TRAIN WHICH PLUNGED INTO THE BAY ON SEPT. 15.



BUCHENWALD, E. GERMANY. UNVEILED BY HERR GROTEWOHL, THE EAST
GERMAN PREMIER, ON SEPT. 14: THE BUCHENWALD MEMORIAL—THE ROAD OF NATIONS.
Built in four years by unpaid labour and voluntary contributions, the Buchenwald
Memorial commemorates the thousands who died in the notorious Nazi concentration
camp of that name, and stands on the camp site near Weimar. Some 80,000 people,
including several thousand from the Federal Republic, attended the dedication ceremony.



CARACAS, VENEZUELA. DURING THE ATTEMPTED REVOLT ON SEPTEMBER 7:
CIVILIANS TAKING COVER AS STREET FIGHTING RAGED NEAR THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE.
Some 20 people were killed and over 100 injured in Caracas when discontented Army
officers and military police attempted unsuccessfully to overthrow the military junta,
headed by Rear Admiral Larrazábal, which has been ruling Venezuela since January.
The abortive coup set off a general strike in protest against it. This ended after one day.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



(Left.)
PARIS. WITH A VERTIGINOUS SPIRAL FIRE-ESCAPE AS ITS DOMINATING ARCHITECTURAL FEATURE : A FAÇADE OF THE U.N.E.S.C.O. BUILDING IN THE PLACE DE FONTENOY. THE CHIEF IMPRESSION IS OF CONCRETE AND GLASS, BUT AT LEAST ONE FAÇADE IS FACED WITH HONEY-COLOURED TRAVERTINE.



(Right.)
PARIS. ONE OF THE FAÇADES OF THE Y-SHAPED U.N.E.S.C.O. H.Q. BUILDING, WHICH IS TO BE OPENED ON NOV. 3 BY PRESIDENT COTY. THE STRANGE SHAPE IN THE FOREGROUND IS A 40-TON CONCRETE PORTICO.



NORWAY. MEMBERS OF A SERVICES SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION, AFTER SETTING UP A MOUNTAINSIDE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT, DURING A RECENT THREE-WEEK SURVEY. A scientific expedition drawn from the three services has recently returned from the neighbourhood of Odde, in Norway, where it has been engaged on survey, and other scientific work. Most were drawn from the Royal Navy and Royal Marines.



MEXICO CITY. POLICE ADVANCING FIRING TEAR-GAS BOMBS INTO A CROWD OF DEMONSTRATORS, WHO WERE ATTEMPTING A MARCH ON THE NATIONAL PALACE ON SEPTEMBER 6. Since the students' riot of August 23 there have been intermittent disturbances in Mexico City. The principal rioters have been students, supported by workers, writers, artists and a manifesto of the Communist Party. On September 6 many arrests were made, and tear-gas was used.



BAGHDAD, IRAQ. ASLEEP AT THE OFFICE : IRAQ'S NEW PREMIER, BRIGADIER ABDUL KARIM KASSEM, LYING DOWN ON A BED MADE UP ON THE FLOOR NEAR HIS DESK.

These photographs, recently received from the Middle East, are stated to show the Prime Minister and Deputy Prime Minister, Colonel Aref, of post-revolutionary Iraq in a shared office, which they also use as sleeping accommodation. It is stated that the photographs were taken in the Ministry of Defence.

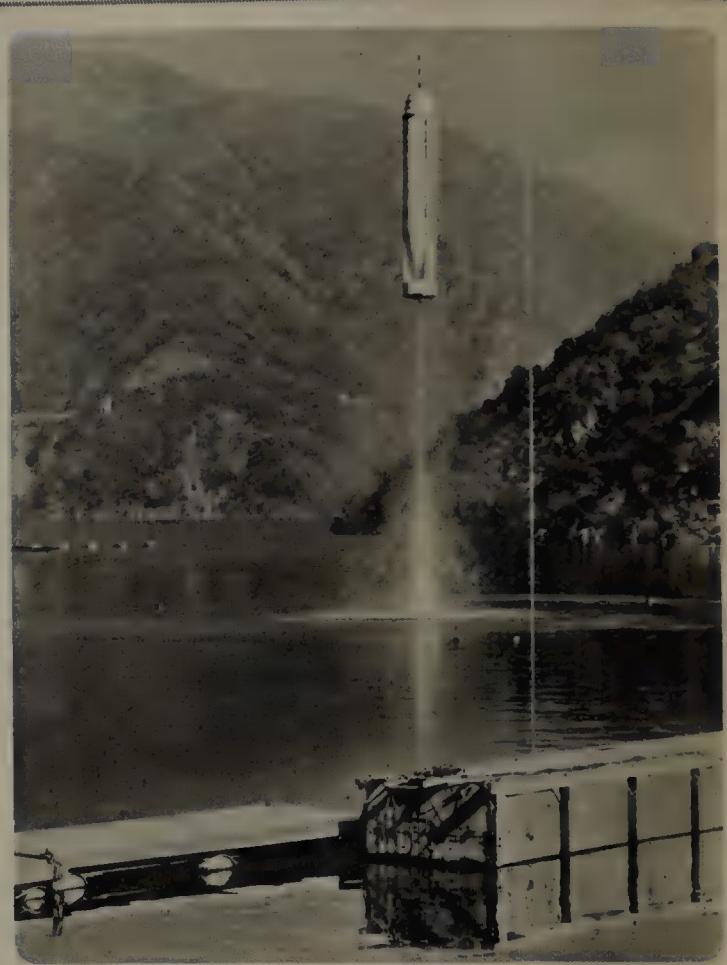


BAGHDAD, IRAQ. THE DEPUTY PREMIER PULLS UP HIS SOFA, AN ORDERLY FOLDS THE SHEETS AND THE PREMIER SHAVES

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



(Left.)
ARGENTINA.
SYMBOLIC OF THE RESTLESS SITUATION IN ARGENTINA: SIDES OF BEEF LYING ON A PAVEMENT IN BUENOS AIRES, HAVING BEEN PUT THERE BY DISTRIBUTORS WHO REFUSED TO SELL THEIR MEAT AT UNFAVOURABLE PRICES.



(Right.)
CALIFORNIA, U.S.
UNDERGOING A BUOYANCY TEST AT THE U.S. NAVAL ORDNANCE TEST STATION, CHINA LAKE: A MODEL OF THE 1500-MILE-RANGE INTERMEDIATE POLARIS MISSILE, DESIGNED FOR LAUNCHING FROM SHIPS AND SUBMARINES.



NEW ZEALAND. FIVE PIPES STAND READY AT WAIRAKEI, NEAR TAupo, TO CARRY STEAM FROM THE WAIRAKEI HOT SPRINGS TO THE NEW POWER HOUSE (BACKGROUND). THE INAUGURATION OF THIS NEW GEOTHERMAL POWER STATION WILL TAKE PLACE IN OCTOBER.



PORTUGAL. RECENTLY SHELLED AND SUNK: THE SCHOONER ANNA MARIA, THE ONLY ENGINELESS FISHING VESSEL IN THE WORLD, WHICH SAILED WITH THE ROMANTIC PORTUGUESE FLEET OFF NEWFOUNDLAND. The *Anna Maria* was sunk by the United States coastguard in the Atlantic after she had caught fire. Built in 1873, the *Anna Maria* was a much-loved sight among the crews of her modern steel-built auxiliary sister-ships ■ she sailed each year ■ her lone adventure in Newfoundland and Greenland seas.



COLOGNE, WEST GERMANY. ■ FLOATING CRANE, ON THE RHINE, TOWERS HIGH ABOVE THE SECOND HALF OF THE NEARLY COMPLETED HOHENZOLLERN BRIDGE. The Hohenzollern railway viaduct ■ the Rhine at Cologne ■ destroyed by the retreating Germans during the war. It was partly restored by 1953, and its capacity is ■ being doubled in a complete restoration, now approaching the opening date.



TANGANYIKA. AFRICANS QUEUEING AT ■ IMPROVISED POLLING STATION IN A VILLAGE IN THE TANGA PROVINCE FOR THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL ELECTIONS. The first five constituencies went to the polls on September 8; and the second five were to have voted in September next year. Owing to experience already gained, however, this date has been brought forward to February 1959. The Governor made this announcement on August 20.

SAND-YACHT RACING IN LANCASHIRE.



LINED UP FOR A RACE AT LYTHAM ST. ANNES : A GROUP OF COMPETITORS IN THE ANNUAL SAND-YACHT SPEED TRIALS AND REGATTA.



SPLASHING THROUGH THE WATER AT THE EDGE OF THE SEA : C. D. COLLINGWOOD RACING SPRITE ALONG THE BEACH AT LYTHAM ST. ANNES.



CHEETAH LEADING PUFFIN: A RACE AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY ALONG THE BROAD SANDS OF THE BEACH AT LYTHAM ST. ANNES, LANCASHIRE.

LYTHAM ST. ANNES, on the estuary of the River Ribble, in Lancashire, has a broad expanse of sandy beach which provides an excellent setting for sand-yacht racing. This month competitors from all over the country have gathered at Lytham St. Annes for the annual sand-yacht speed trials and regatta. Given a favourable wind and skilful handling, a sand yacht can reach speeds of over 50 m.p.h. In another part of the country, at Great Gransden, in Huntingdonshire, Mr. Peter Shelton, an agricultural engineer, has been developing land yachts on a disused wartime airfield. Though following much the same principles as are used in sand yachting, Mr. Shelton strongly recommends the advantages of his sport, which he feels could be introduced on some of the many disused airfields all over the country, and which he claims to be very inexpensive.

RESTORATION AT THE ADMIRALTY.

THE oldest part of the Admiralty buildings in Whitehall—the Old Building, which is also sometimes known as the Ripley Building (after Thomas Ripley, who designed it)—has now been reoccupied after undergoing extensive modernisation and redecoration, made necessary by the ravages of time and by war damage. In addition, the building suffered considerable damage from a fire when it was already in the hands of the contractors in 1955. The main entrance into Whitehall is to be officially reopened on September 29, the 200th anniversary of the birth of Lord Nelson, whose body lay in state in the Old Building on the night before his burial in St. Paul's on January 8, 1806. One of the first rooms to have been brought back into use was the Board Room, which has been described as "the central and unchanging symbol of Admiralty."



WITH A NICHE CONTAINING E. H. BAILY'S ORIGINAL MODEL FOR THE NELSON STATUE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: THE REDECORATED MAIN HALL OF THE OLD BUILDING.



SURMOUNTED BY A BUST OF NELSON: THE PEDIMENT OF A NEWLY-BUILT DOORWAY, INSCRIBED WITH THE ROYAL CIPHER TO COMMEMORATE THE RECONSTRUCTION WORK.

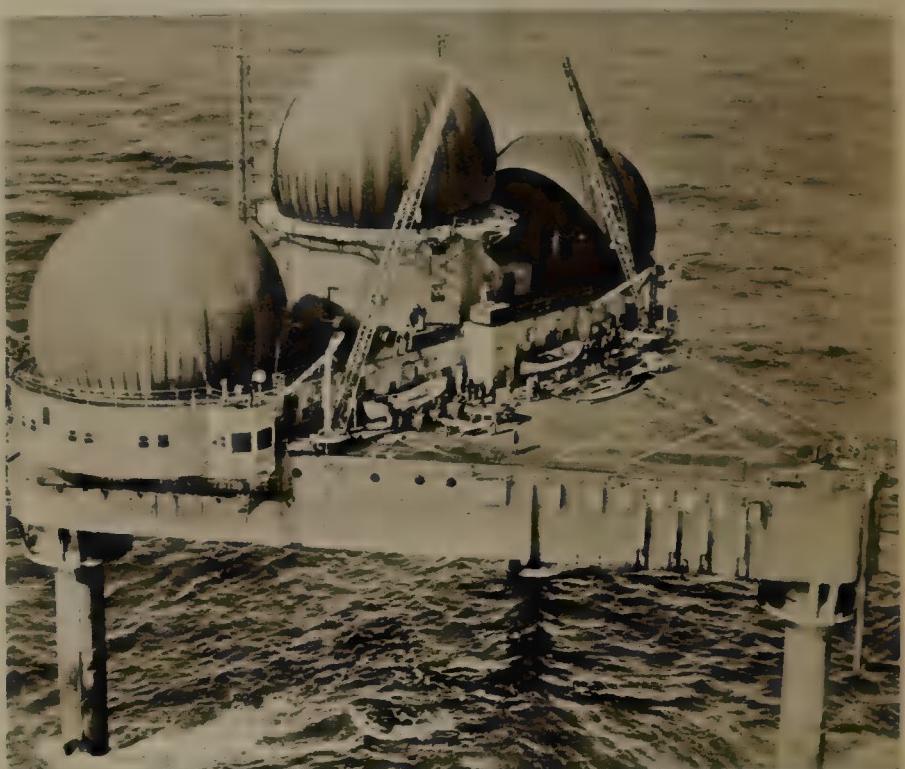


NOW AGAIN USED BY THE BOARD OF ADMIRALTY: THE BEAUTIFULLY PANELLED BOARD ROOM IN THE OLD BUILDING, WITH A PORTRAIT OF NELSON AT THE FAR END.

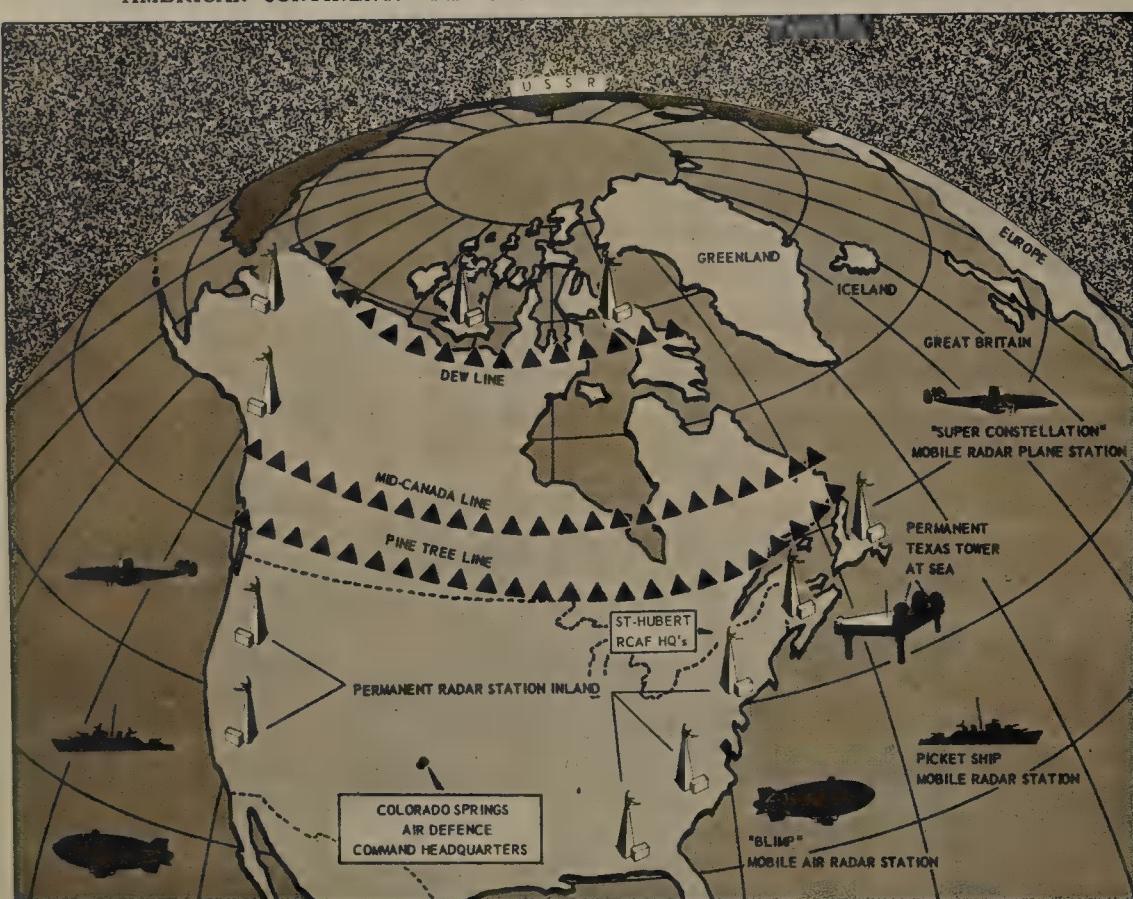
MAINTAINING A CEASELESS VIGIL: THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT'S



NEAR SAN FRANCISCO: ONE OF HUNDREDS OF RADAR STATIONS PROTECTING THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT. THE PLASTIC DOME PROTECTS THE RADAR MAST.



A TEXAS TOWER ABOUT 120 MILES OFF CAPE COD, MASSACHUSETTS. IT IS MANAGED BY A CREW OF 106 OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.



A MAP SHOWING THE VARIOUS SYSTEMS AND DEVICES OF CONAD, THE CONTINENTAL AIR DEFENCE COMMAND WHICH IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PROTECTION OF NORTH AMERICA.



THIS GLASS MAP SHOWS THE DIFFERENT AIR DEFENCE REGIONS. IT IS LIT SECTION BY SECTION TO SHOW A STATE OF ALERT.



AT CONAD (CONTINENTAL AIR DEFENCE) HEADQUARTERS AT COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO. NEARLY FIFTY MEN WORK DAY AND NIGHT.



IN ST. HUBERT, NEAR MONTREAL, CANADA: STAFF MEMBERS RECEIVING ALL INFORMATION ABOUT UNIDENTIFIED AIRCRAFT APPROACHING OR CROSSING CANADIAN TERRITORY.

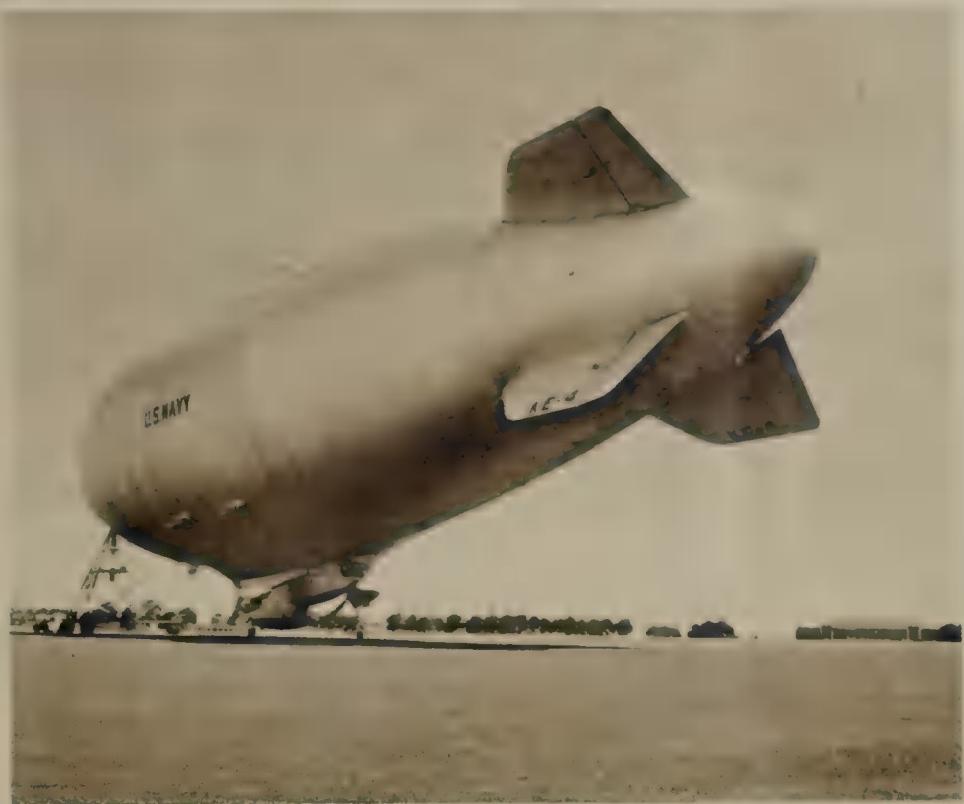
Among the elements forming the United States' and Canada's DEW Line (Distant Early Warning Line) are already Eskimo trappers, pilots in space suits, radar stations flying at 30,000 ft., a fleet of converted Liberty ships, ice-breakers and pilots who fly so fast that their guns must be fired for them from the ground at targets they never see. And the latest recruit to this mixed company is "Auntie": the DEW Line forces' nickname for any one of the family of rockets designed to destroy an incoming ICBM (inter-continental

ballistics missile). This missile was recently alleged by the Russians to be the "ultimate" in all weapons. It is set on its predestined course like a huge artillery shell before it reaches its upward curve about four miles above the earth. It is now usually accepted that the perfection of radar to track the course of an ICBM, and of rockets to meet and destroy it, is merely a matter of time. Hence the enormous importance attached by both Canada and the United States to the DEW Line, which is a 15,000-mile electronic frontier stretching

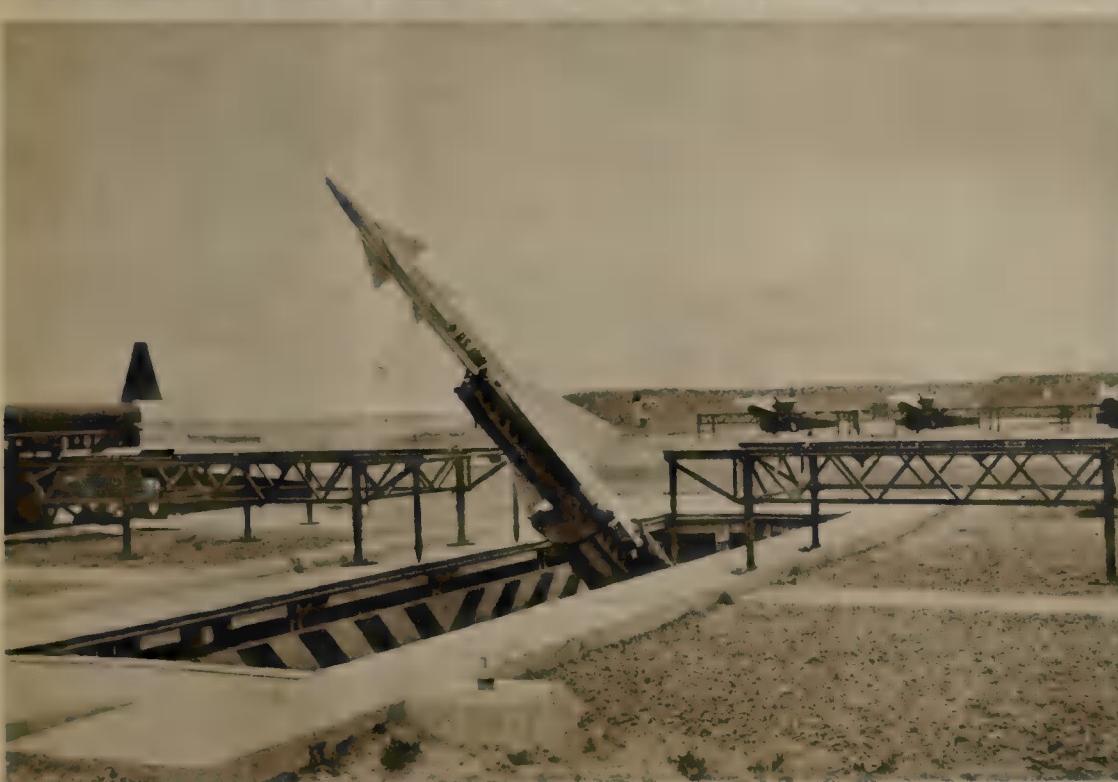
"DISTANT EARLY WARNING" LINE OF ALL-ROUND RADAR DEFENCE.



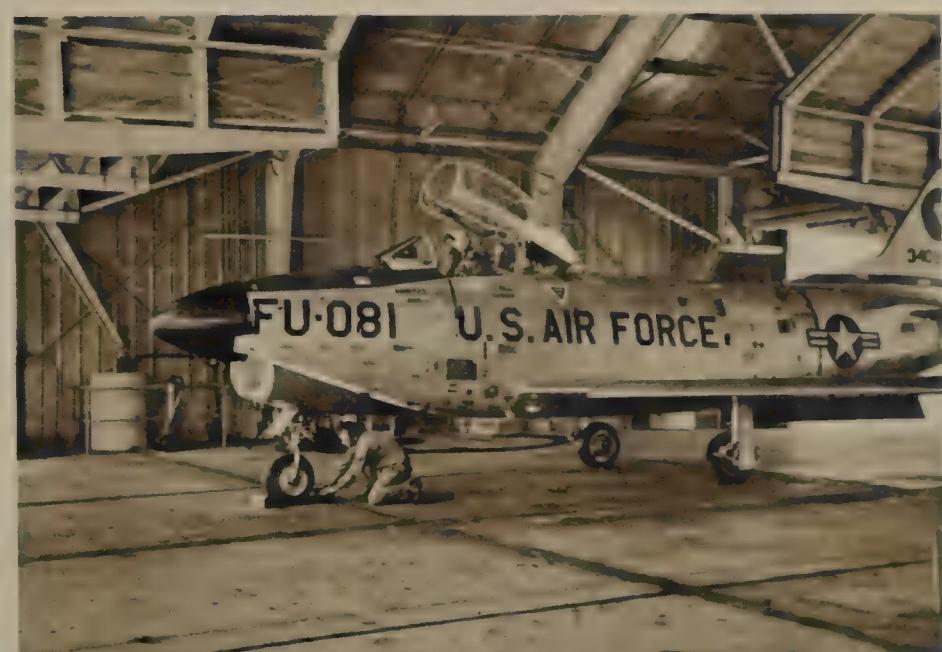
EQUIPPED BY THE U.S. AIR FORCE AND NAVY: THE RC 121 LOCKHEED SUPER CONSTELLATION, WHICH CARRIES ALMOST 10 TONS OF RADAR AND RADIO EQUIPMENT.



A RADAR BLIMP: ITS CREW NUMBERS ABOUT THIRTY. THE PROJECTION SEEN UNDER THE BELLY HOUSES THE DETECTION RADAR.



A NIKE RISES FROM AN UNDERGROUND MAGAZINE. IT IS RAISED THROUGH THE TRAP-DOOR BY A LIFT AND TILTED INTO ITS VERTICAL FIRING POSITION.



ON PERMANENT STANDBY PATROL: THIS F86D SUPER SABRE HAS JUST BEEN ORDERED TO "SCRAMBLE" ON A CALIFORNIAN AIRFIELD.



CANADIAN PILOTS IN A HUSTLE AT THE ST. HUBERT OPERATIONAL CENTRE. THEY ABANDON AN OUTDOOR CARD GAME WHEN ORDERED TO "SCRAMBLE."

round the North American continent. When, in 1954, the United States and Canada decided to share a common electronic frontier, they called their combined organisation CONAD (Continental Air Defence system). CONAD's northern frontier, now with the latest chain of semi-automatic stations, lies in the Arctic Circle. One of the more recent warning devices is the radar stations called "Texas Towers," which are steel - stilted artificial islands, originally developed by Texas oil engineers and now established far out to sea.



BEHIND THE BLACK PLASTIC NOSE OF THIS INTERCEPTOR IS THE RADAR SYSTEM. IT GUIDES THE PILOT ON TO THE AIRCRAFT TO BE INTERCEPTED.

Operating a round-the-clock timetable, the DEW Line's detection centres assure advance warning of the approach of even the fastest jet bombers by anything from twenty minutes to two and a half hours. And a new long-range radar device is able to detect an ICBM as far as 3000 miles away. This distance assures a fifteen-minute warning of any missile's approach. The European NATO countries are at present setting up their own 3000-mile-deep Continental Air Defence system to act as a forward electronic warning zone.



ON THE TRACK OF THE INCAS.

"QUEST FOR PAITITI—A JOURNEY INTO UNEXPLORED PERU." By JULIAN TENNANT.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THIS is a very odd story, but it is none the worse on that score, and it is certainly well told. It is also extremely frank, for the author makes no attempt to disguise his own shortcomings, particularly where his temper is concerned. The theme is the adventures of two young men, both Old Etonians, who met more or less by chance one evening in a London flat in November 1953, and before the night was out the two of them, "strengthened by a number of whiskies-and-sodas," had decided to find out by personal investigation the truth of a rumour that there was a ruined Inca city hidden in high jungle country between two Amazon tributaries on the eastern side of the Andes, about 250 miles east of Lima. They were in hopes that it might even be Paititi, the fabulous lost city where the remains of the Inca gold had been hidden from the Spanish conquerors in the sixteenth century.

One of these young men, Sebastian Snow, was already a seasoned explorer in spite of the fact that he was only twenty-four, that he had very poor eyesight, and that he had broken his thigh playing football at school. In addition to journeys across Lapland and Afghanistan, he had



WITH A BABY MONKEY ON HIS SHOULDERS AND CLINGING TO HIS HAIR: VICTOR, THE MACHAGUENGA CHIEFTAIN OF TIMPA, WHO ORGANISED THE PARTY'S NATIVE GUIDES AND PORTERS.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Quest for Paititi"; by courtesy of the publishers, Max Parrish.

spent twelve months following the course of the Amazon from its source in a Peruvian lake to its mouth in Brazil. The second of these intrepid adventurers was the author of this present volume, who, unlike his companion, "had always been able to travel in comfort." The expedition, which took place in the summer of 1954, cost them £300.

When they arrived at Lima at the end of April it was soon borne in upon them that something more than a smattering of Spanish, which was all they possessed, would be required for dealing with the Indians in the interior, so they added to their number a barman in the Peruvian capital by the name of Bill Glasgow. He was, needless to say, no ordinary barman, for he was of Scottish origin, had served in the American Air Force, and had latterly been a civil pilot in Peru. He spoke Spanish fluently, which was not the case with the other two.

Such was the origin of the expedition to the ruined Inca city, and such were those who participated in it. In these pages the reader is taken with them from the amenities of modern civilisation at Lima to the primitive conditions of a missionary station at Pucallpa, and finally through the jungle to the ruins themselves. Various characters, European and native, from time to time attached themselves to the party, and quitted it voluntarily or involuntarily—including a dog who may well have found his way into the porters' stock-pot; they are all well drawn by Mr. Tennant, who has a real gift for vivid description both of men and of events.

Some of these characters can hardly fail to catch the imagination, such as the Protestant head of the Instituto Linguistico de Verano at Pucallpa;

the Spanish priest with "thick black hair and a bushy beard," living in the heart of the jungle in a "house which, apart from a bed and two rather broken chairs, contained no other visible furniture"; and, above all, the half-caste chief Pereira, who was "hostile towards white men because he believed there was a price on his head" for having killed his father, though whether in self-defence or otherwise seems never to have been resolved.

Naturally the three explorers were entirely dependent upon the Indians, both as guides and porters, and a singularly unattractive lot these Indians—Machaguengas—seem to have been. Nor was their fare particularly tempting:

We were offered half a dried gourd containing a drink which we were told was *masato*. Fortunately or unfortunately, we had already been warned by the Institute that we would be offered this and as we knew how it was made we declined it as politely as we could. *Masato*, they had told us, was made from yucca which the women of the tribe chew up and then spit into a container—usually a wooden trough specially made for this purpose. The saliva needed to help them to chew up this rather dry, raw root causes it to ferment over a period of three days. The result is a comparatively alcoholic drink. I have no idea what it tastes like but amongst my childhood memories I have one of a particular governess who, at the slightest provocation, would lick her handkerchief and wipe my face. This memory is made vivid because it is accompanied by the particularly unattractive smell of other people's saliva.

Cold monkey was also found unappetising, but on occasion stern necessity compelled its appearance on the menu.

Mr. Tennant's Polaroid camera worked wonders when it was a question of conciliating the Indians. A few photographs not only gave infinite pleasure, but enabled the three explorers to get an amount of work out of the natives which would certainly not have been the case otherwise. Many of the



SOME OF THE PARTY'S PORTERS AT THE RUINS: THE INDIAN IN THE FOREGROUND CUT HIS HAIR SHORT, PERHAPS IN IMITATION OF THE WHITE MEN HE HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE.

Machaguengas, although living no further from cosmopolitan Lima than London is from Penzance, had never before seen a white man, and from the evidence of these pages it would appear that their first reaction was neither fear nor hostility, but amusement. Particularly was this the case because these Indians grew very little, if any, hair on their faces, whereas the three young men had managed to cultivate some extremely imposing beards.

It was not, however, only the human denizens of the jungle that made life difficult, for although the author and his companions have, rather surprisingly, no stories to tell of snakes, there were other perils to be encountered:

During the night I was woken up by an odd sensation, not with a start but with a gradual awareness that something unusual was happening. As I became fully conscious I realised that there was a slight draught on my face and I could hear a humming noise just above me. We all slept with a torch beside us and as I felt around for mine the slight breeze on my face stopped and the humming noise seemed to move. I turned on the torch and, as I did so, saw a vampire bat, which had obviously been hovering over my face. As I shone my torch on it it flew out of the tent. I could feel nothing unusual, and was certain that it hadn't bitten me.



THE FIRST OF SEVERAL KEY STONES FOUND BY JULIAN TENNANT AND HIS COMPANIONS AMONG THE RUINS OF "PAITITI."

Fortunately I knew enough about vampire bats not to be unduly frightened. I switched off my torch and turned over to go to sleep again but, before this happened, the bat returned and was once again hovering over my face—the only part of my body that was exposed. Again I turned on the torch and the bat flew out of the tent. There was no alternative but to shut the tent flap, after which I was undisturbed for the rest of the night.

After a long journey attended by very real dangers the three young men reached some ruins, but it must be confessed that at this point one gets a feeling of anti-climax. None of them was an archaeologist, and as their provisions were running low they had not the time to conduct any serious excavations. Mr. Tennant does not make any extensive claims, and expressly states, "whether or not these ruins were at one time a fortress or a city I do not know." All they found was an earthenware drinking vessel, which the British Museum later verified as being of Inca origin; even this, owing to their self-confessed negligence, arrived in London in pieces. On the other hand, they were told that there were the remains of an Inca road to Cuzco, the old capital; had they known this earlier it would have saved them a great deal of trouble and expense.

Having followed the adventures of these three until he almost feels that he has shared them, the reader will be disappointed to hear that their partnership proved unable to stand the strain of a return to civilisation; for in Lima Mr. Tennant had a quarrel with Bill Glasgow which has apparently never been made up, and in which the author admits that he was in the wrong. It was an unhappy ending to an expedition which it is clear from the narrative that all three of them enjoyed, even if the ruins they discovered were definitely not those of Paititi. A book well worth reading and with a most attractive jacket.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 492 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. JULIAN TENNANT.

Mr. Julian Tennant was born near St. Albans in 1924. He was educated at Eton, and during the last war he served with the Coldstream Guards in the Guards Armoured Division. He is a partner in the old-established London merchant house, C. Tennant and Sons, with which his family has been connected for over two hundred years. "Quest for Paititi" is Mr. Tennant's first book.



THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—VII. MELBOURNE CHURCH OF ENGLAND GRAMMAR SCHOOL.



AT MELBOURNE CHURCH OF ENGLAND GRAMMAR SCHOOL : WADHURST, ONE OF THE SCHOOL'S TWO PREPARATORY ESTABLISHMENTS (RIGHT), AND PERRY HOUSE, ONE OF THE SENIOR BOARDING HOUSES, NAMED AFTER BISHOP PERRY, THE FOUNDER.



THE SOUTHERN FACADE OF THE MAIN BUILDING, SHOWING THE WITHERBY TOWER, BUILT IN 1876. THE MAIN BUILDING WAS BEGUN WHEN THE SCHOOL OPENED IN 1858.

Melbourne Church of England Grammar School, one of Australia's leading schools, is this year celebrating the Centenary of its foundation. The foundation was largely the work of Bishop Perry, the first Bishop of Melbourne, who arrived in the city in 1848 to take up his appointment and who had previously been a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In the decade before 1858 two other well-known Melbourne schools had come into existence—Scotch College, founded by a number of emigrant clergymen of the Free Church of Scotland,

and St. Patrick's College, a Roman Catholic foundation—and Bishop Perry had also started a diocesan grammar school, which closed shortly before the Church of England Grammar School opened. During its brief life its Headmaster was Richard Hale Budd, a former pupil of Dr. Arnold, the famous Headmaster of Rugby. Bishop Perry also played an important part in the foundation of Geelong Grammar School, another great Australian school, which was illustrated in our issue of April 27, 1957.

Photographs by Robert Pockley, Geelong.

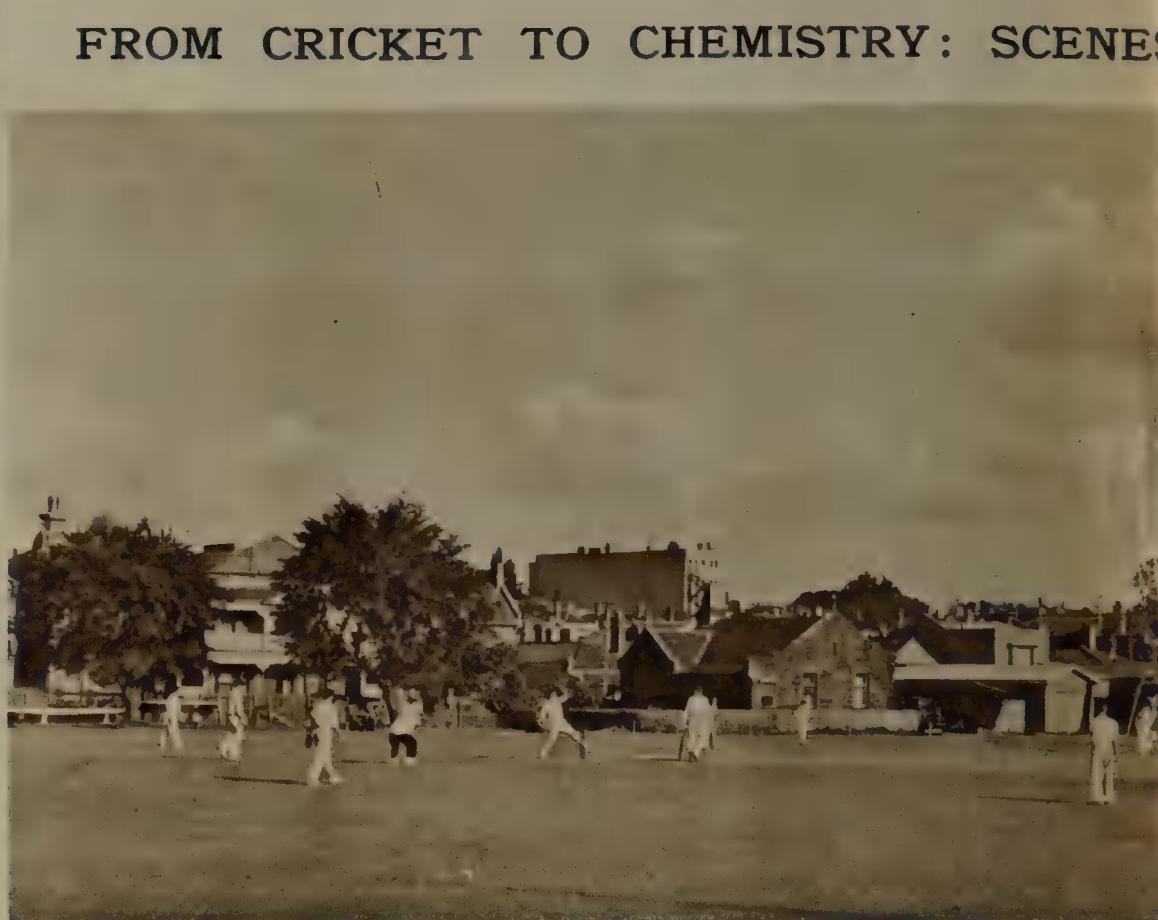
FROM CRICKET TO CHEMISTRY: SCENES



A VIEW OF THE WITHERBY TOWER FROM THE CLOISTERS OF THE MEMORIAL HALL. TO RIGHT AND LEFT ARE SITUATED SCHOOL HOUSE BOARDERS' STUDIES AND DORMITORIES.

THE foundation of Melbourne Church of England Grammar School, together with that of St. Patrick's and Scotch Colleges, was a milestone in the history of the young Colony of Victoria. When Bishop Perry first arrived in 1841 he described the Church of England schools founded in the area during the previous few years as unworthy of the Church; they were all situated in hired cottages—except for one "miserable structure of wood." The Colony of Victoria, previously a remote settlement of New South Wales, was formed under a British Act passed in 1850, and one of the first measures of the newly-established Legislative Council was the setting up of two education boards. One of the problems facing the pioneers of education in the Colony was the division of the small population into many sects. Bishop Perry tried in vain to unite the Protestant Churches in establishing

[Continued opposite.]



CRICKET ON THE MAIN OVAL AT MELBOURNE CHURCH OF ENGLAND GRAMMAR SCHOOL.



A CENTRAL FEATURE OF THE SCHOOL: THE QUADRANGLE—WITH ITS DISTINCTIVE LAMP-POST, WHICH SERVES AS STUMPS IN "QUAD CRICKET."



IN THE WAR MEMORIAL HALL: THE SCENE DURING A VISIT FORMING PART OF THE CENTENARY CEREMONIES THIS YEAR.



THE GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA, SIR DALLAS BROOKS, INSPECTS THE CADET CORPS GUARD OF HONOUR DURING A VISIT FORMING PART OF THE CENTENARY CEREMONIES THIS YEAR.



PART OF THE ORIGINAL BLUESTONE BUILDING. THIS WING HOUSES AN ADMINISTRATIVE SECTION ON THE GROUND FLOOR.

Photographs by Robert Pockley, Geelong; that of the Bromby Street building by J. R. Thompson.

S AT A FAMOUS MELBOURNE SCHOOL.



SCHOOL. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE BROMBY STREET BUILDING, BUILT IN 1954.



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL, BUILT IN 1892 IN MEMORY OF TWO HEAD-MASTERS, EDWARD BROMBY AND ALEXANDER PYNE, AND CONTAINING A WORLD WAR II MEMORIAL.

RING AN EXHIBITION OF THE SCHOOL'S PAINTING
—A DISPLAY FROM THE SCHOOL ARCHIVES.ANOTHER VIEW OF WITHERBY TOWER, NAMED AFTER ARTHUR
WITHERBY, A GENEROUS BENEFACTOR OF THE SCHOOL.WAS THE HEADMASTER'S RESIDENCE UNTIL 1938 AND NOW
ND FLOOR AND BOARDERS' ACCOMMODATION ABOVE.
ing supplied by Mockridge Stahle and Mitchell, Architects, Melbourne.BOYS DEMONSTRATING EXPERIMENTS IN THE NEW CHEMISTRY LABORATORY WHICH WAS OPENED
RECENTLY, REPLACING THE ONE BUILT IN 1922.

Continued.]
schools. The educational boards were set up at the same time as the discovery of gold in Victoria was announced, however, and the resulting rush to the goldfields brought to the Colony vast new wealth, besides greatly increasing the population. The newly-rich Government of Victoria was thus enabled to make large grants to the various sects for the founding of better schools. The need for new schools was all the stronger following the foundation, by an Act of 1853, of Melbourne University—Victoria's prompt answer to the opening of Sydney University four months earlier. The wish to provide local education which could compete with that offered overseas was another stimulus. It was against this background that Melbourne Church of England Grammar School, and the two other large Melbourne schools, all of them assisted by Government funds, were founded.

NEW BUILDINGS AT A GREAT AUSTRALIAN SCHOOL, NOW 100 YEARS OLD.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE BROMBY STREET BUILDING, WHICH CONTAINS CLASSROOMS AND A MUSIC ROOM. ON THE ROOF THERE IS A MINIATURE RIFLE-RANGE.



A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SIMON FRASER MEMORIAL BOAT HOUSE, ERECTED IN 1953 AND REPLACING AN EARLIER ONE DESTROYED BY FIRE.

While Bishop Perry played a leading part in the foundation of Melbourne Church of England Grammar School, the success of the new school was, to a large extent, due to Dr. Bromby, the first Headmaster. He had previously been a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and during his headmastership, from 1858 to 1875, the school flourished. Another great Headmaster of the school was Alexander Pyne. During his brief Headmastership, which came to an end shortly before his death in 1885, the numbers at the school increased

considerably and School games were greatly encouraged. The School Chapel was built in memory of Dr. Bromby and Alexander Pyne. To celebrate the School's Centenary this year, a number of ceremonies have been held. A new Science Block was opened on April 12, on the following day a Cathedral Service took place, and on April 16 the School was visited by the Governor of Victoria. There were also a number of other celebrations, and in October two balls are to be given and there will also be a Thanksgiving Service.

Photographs supplied by Mockridge Stahle and Mitchell, Architects, Melbourne.

**THE AMERICA'S CUP: SCEPTRE AND COLUMBIA—
THE LAST STAGES OF PREPARATION AND TRIALS.**



(Left.)
THE BRITISH CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP: SCEPTRE (R.) DURING PRACTICE RACING AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, WITH THE AMERICAN 12-METRE YACHT, GLEAM. GLEAM IS A SOMEWHAT SLOWER BOAT.



(Right.)
SIDE BY SIDE: SCEPTRE (K.17) WITH GLEAM OFF RHODE ISLAND. IN ORDER TO PRACTISE CLOSE TACTICS, SCEPTRE WAS SLOWED DOWN WITH A CANVAS BUCKET AND FENDER TOWED ASTERN.



IN THE DING-DONG OF CONTESTS AS TO WHO SHOULD REPRESENT THE U.S. AND DEFEND THE

AMERICA'S CUP: AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING COLUMBIA (RIGHT) IN PURSUIT OF VIM.



A NICE TEST FOR HELMSMANSHIP: VIM (LEFT) AND COLUMBIA (US.16) AVOID COLLISION BY INCHES DURING ONE OF THE DECIDING RACES.



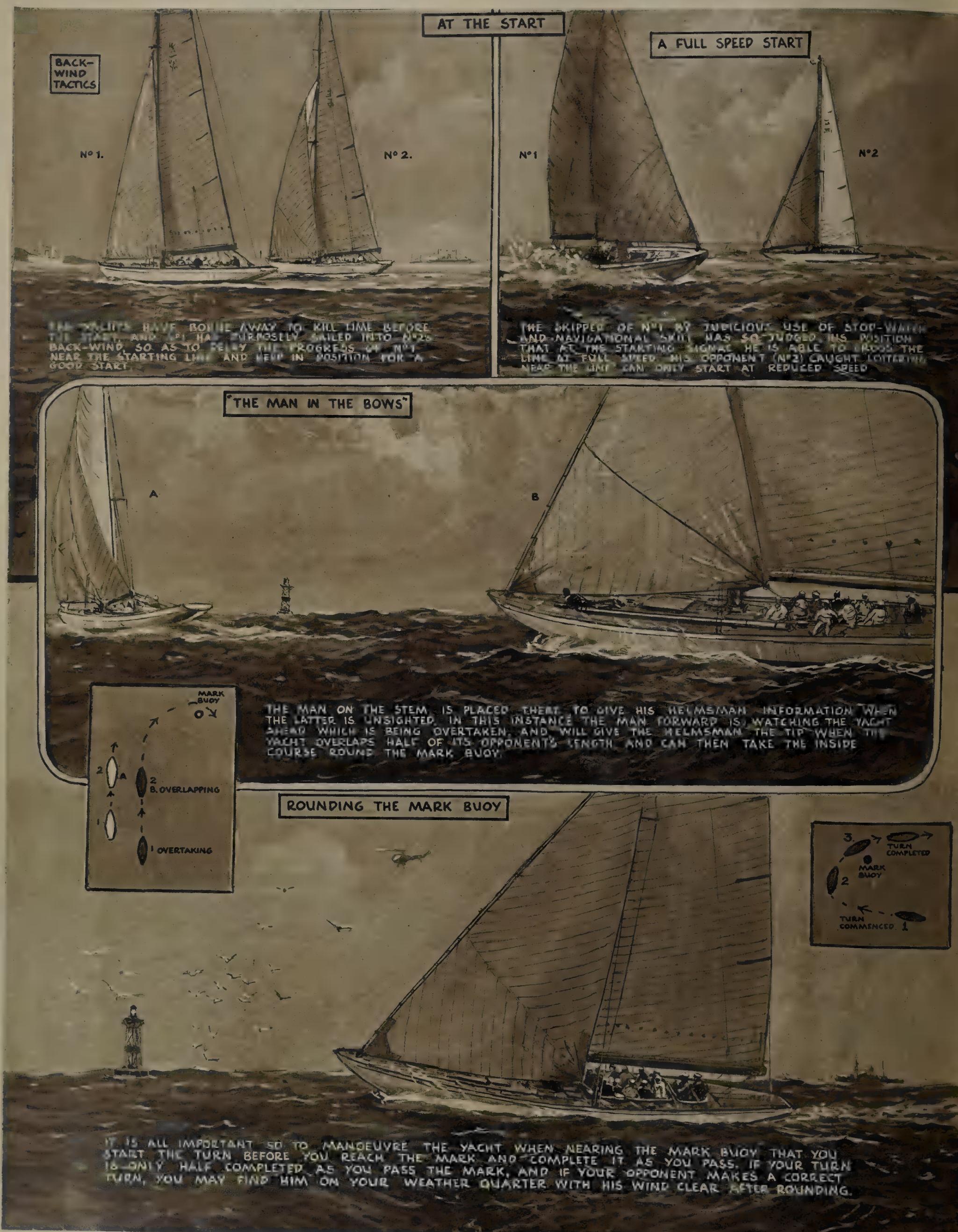
DURING A RACE WHICH COLUMBIA EVENTUALLY WON: COLUMBIA (RIGHT) TRAILING THE 17-YEAR-OLD VIM, WHEN BOTH HAD SPINNAKERS SET.



ROUNDING A U.S. NAVY TUG, VIM AND COLUMBIA DURING THEIR RACE ON SEPTEMBER 9. VIM HERE THE INSIDE CURVE, BUT LATER HAD SAIL TROUBLE AND LOST.

It was not until September 11 that, after a most exciting and close series of trial races, Columbia was chosen to represent the United States as defender of the America's Cup against the British challenger Sceptre. In the earlier stages the seventeen-year-old Vim seemed to be the better boat, but as Columbia's crew gained in experience together, the new yacht began to assert herself. This vital factor of crewmanship is one of those illustrated in the

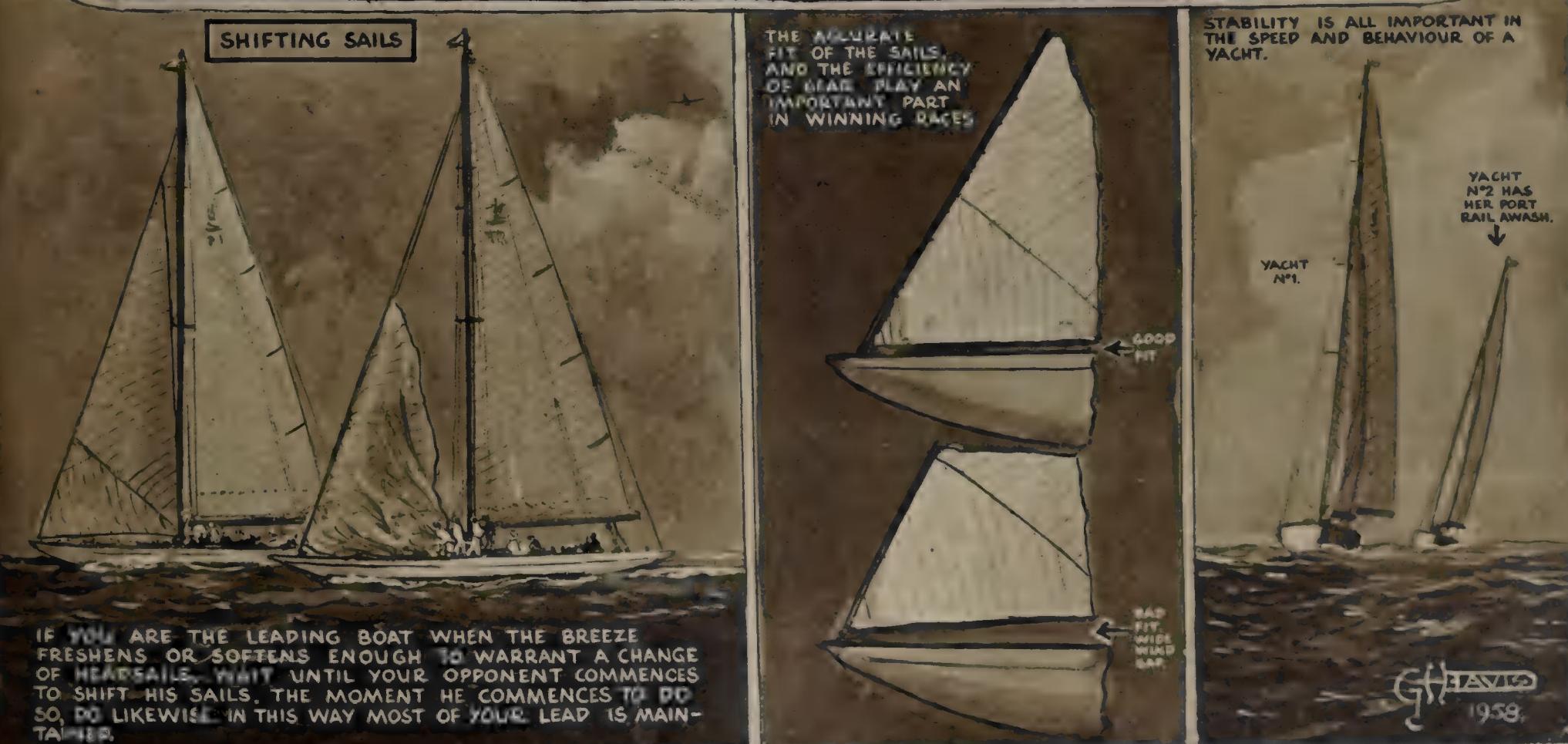
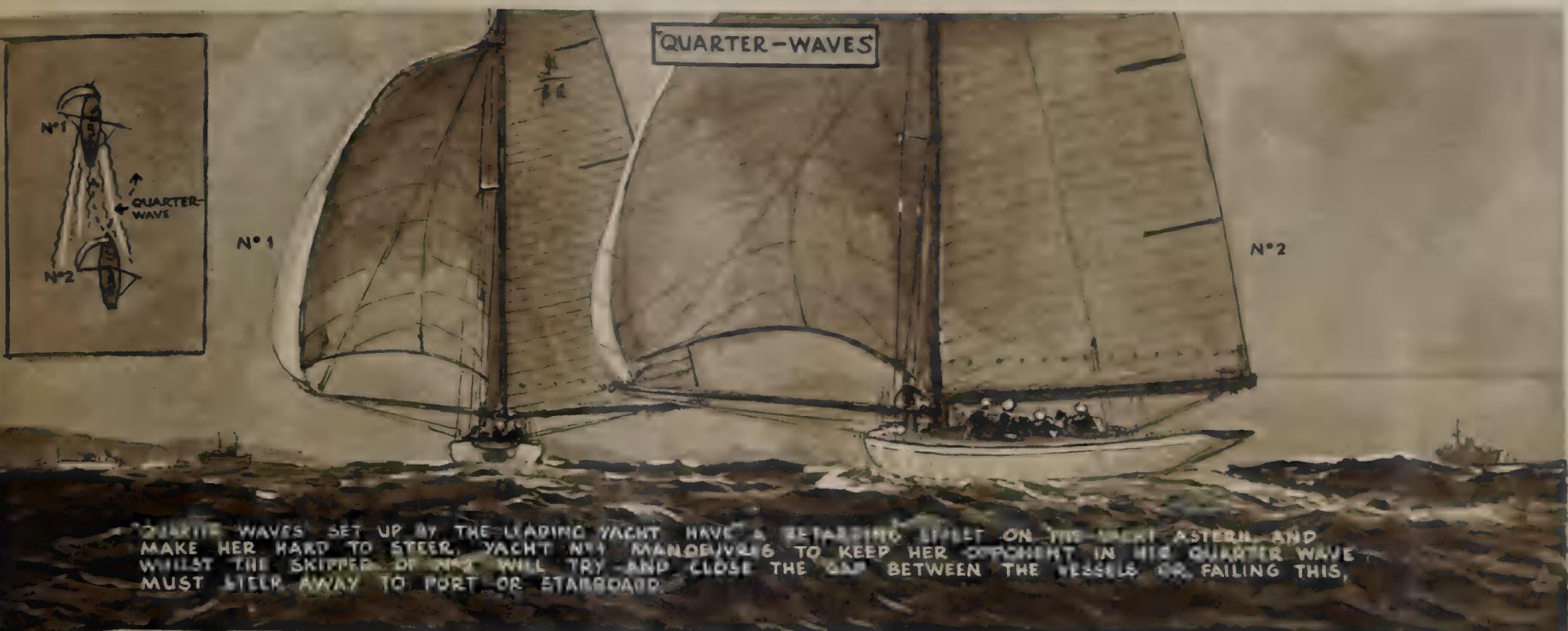
series of drawings on pages 484-485. The British yacht Sceptre has meanwhile been practising tactical racing against the slower U.S. yacht Gleam, retarding herself for the purpose with a canvas bucket and fender towed astern. Both Vim and Columbia were designed by Mr. Olin Stephens, Sceptre being designed by Mr. D. Boyd. The last week before the races for the Cup, which begin to-day (September 20), brought a lull for the crews.



THE TACTICS OF YACHT-RACING: FACTORS WHICH COULD MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE

The races for the America's Cup are due to start to-day (September 20); and although naturally the first and most interesting point is whether *Sceptre* can change this country's luck and defeat the American defender, the second point of interest will be how and why the winner won and what were her tactics. The famous American yachtsman, Mr. H. S. Vanderbilt, who played such an important part in the pre-war defence of the Cup, in his remarkable book "On the Wind's Highway," has laid especial stress on the very important part played by tactics, crewmanship and the like in a contest between yachts of approximately equal speed; and it is such points that our artist illustrates here. Many races are won or lost at the start; and time and distance judging on

how far to go away from the starting-line before turning back so as to cross at full speed when the signal is given, is obviously extremely important. "Hugging" or "loitering" on the line has cost many a fast yacht the victory. Experienced skippers use many manoeuvres to delay their speed, such as sailing into an opponent's back-wind so as to be close to the line yet ready to get away at full speed. They may blanket an opponent near the start, make him start prematurely or block him in such a way that he can not start until the other is away. Often a member of the crew is stationed in the stem during these manoeuvres to call directions to the helmsman when the latter is temporarily unsighted—and similarly during the race when the helmsman is



IN SCEPTRE'S ATTEMPT TO WIN THE AMERICA'S CUP FROM THE AMERICAN DEFENDER.

anxious to learn whether he has sufficient overlap to be on the right side of the rules at the turn. The contest for the America's Cup is governed by a strict code of rules which differ in many ways from our own yacht-racing rules. These rules need careful study, but in a race between equally matched yachts the possession of the more efficient, better-drilled and seasoned crew will usually prove the deciding factor. Using the waves set up by the boat ahead can spell defeat for the yacht astern caught in these quarter waves with their retarding effect, and unless the boat astern has speed enough to get right under the counter of her opponent then, as Mr. Vanderbilt expressed it, "your boat will be continuously coasting down-hill." If this manœuvre is impossible

to achieve, then the helmsman astern must steer clear of the retarding waves and so lose distance. Other factors which have led to defeat in the past are badly-fitting sails and even the fact that one yacht has had her wetted surface polished and greased with meticulous care while her opponent has had less care spent on her underwater hull. Stability likewise plays a part, as water over the deck always tends to retard a yacht's speed. Skill and tactics are in fact extremely important, and a splendid and costly yacht may, nevertheless, be defeated by a slower boat with a skipper of greater tactical skill and a better crew under his command. The choice of *Columbia* as the American defender was made on September 11. Photographs of both boats appear on page 483.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



BATTLES-ROYAL.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT might have puzzled both the shades of Mary Queen of Scots and of John Knox to know that a play about the Queen of "a thousand witcheries . . . felled without ruth at Fotheringay" was acted, for the last two weeks of the Edinburgh Festival, in the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland. From Princes Street we looked across to a great poster on the Mound that proclaimed "Mary Stuart": certainly the right name for Edinburgh, even if it was hardly an appropriate stage. The play has just come now to London—the Old Vic's first departure from Shakespeare for five years.

I confess that when I knew the Vic company would open its season with a version of Schiller's drama, my heart misgave me. Not that I feared the quality of a translation by Stephen Spender: it was simply that, having met the play only on sound-radio, and in its first English version (by a contemporary of Schiller) I could not fully imagine its quality in the theatre. This was untrustful of me, because the piece was for long one of the showpieces of the international stage, and was clearly meant to be heard and seen.

Surprisingly, its past on the stage has not been fully recognised during recent weeks. Schiller wrote it in 1800. It was put into English during the following year by Joseph Mellish, whose version was broadcast not long ago. I remember observing at the time that it sounded very well in spite of one or two echoes such as "The heavens lour black and heavy" and "Away from this abode of misery and death." The chronicler Genest wrote of this version when he called the meeting between the rival Queens at Fotheringay "absurd." I cannot imagine a less felicitous adjective. Historical truth does not invariably make historical drama, and Schiller had every right to invent for his own purpose, and to provide the great theatrical scene in which Mary and Elizabeth confront each other in the park; Mary, beginning a suppliant, is goaded to furious wrath that extinguishes whatever hope she cherished.

This was the scene that Rachel, in a French text, acted with so superb a flash-and-outbreak when she had her duel with the over-bold Maxime. The actress had sought to challenge Rachel's position. Playing Elizabeth, she was swept from the stage in the kind of battle-royal we never meet in these days. Just a hundred years ago, Ristori appeared in London in the Italian version, "Maria Stuarda." Henry Morley spoke in memorable terms of the last act when Ristori's eyes were "nervously fixed on the cross as if she dared not loose herself from it for an instant, lest again some of the old worldly turbulence arise within her." Some may have recalled this during Irene Worth's final scene with Melvil in the current production.

Helena Modjeska acted Mary in an English text by Lewis Wingfield at the Court in 1880; but we have had to wait until now for a new treatment of the play which Stephen Spender, it seems to me, has managed most aptly. This is not a night for the poetic flourish, the gleam of phrase. It is essentially a romantic melodrama, one that can develop extraordinary excitement if it is allowed to thrust steadily forward. Spender has loyally allowed it to do so. The version (which Peter Wood, the director, has arranged for the theatre) comes to us suitably cut and tightened. The result gives opportunity for full-scale, out-and-out acting in a mode that will doubtless annoy all who, in poetic drama, like (as an expressive Cornish term has it) to be tossed up in mist. We

are never mist-bound in "Mary Stuart." The Old Vic company, on the stage of the Assembly Hall, went at the piece with a fine forthright drive: it did one good to watch and to listen.

Students of the period may groan. But this is nothing more than a theatrical tale to be told. Schiller's bicentenary is next year: I believe (in sackcloth) that the Vic, in anticipating it with this production, has done the right thing. Certainly we are permitted to watch Irene Worth and

"more like one of the French Medici," and a Victorian drama critic, Dutton Cook, felt that passages in the play were so "thoroughly un-English" that they might have been devised by Victor Hugo.

Never mind: in the theatre Elizabeth has her dramatic ring. The play reaches us as a royal acting conflict, and for this (and for the buttressing performances of Kenneth Mackintosh, John Phillips, Ernest Thesiger, Jack May and the others) we can be grateful to an overdue revival. Playgoers who are unashamed of the theatre theatrical will enjoy "Mary Stuart": I enjoyed it greatly, and look forward to it at the Old Vic. Peter Wood will be able there to let us have the play without the visual difficulties unavoidable in the Edinburgh Assembly Hall, where there can be too much "masking" for our contentment.

The other battle-royal of Edinburgh—I shall think of this year as the players' festival—came in Eugene O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night" at the Lyceum. This is O'Neill's terrifying study of his own family at a period immediately before the First World War. He wrote it, during 1940, in "tears and blood." "Facing his dead," he put upon the stage such a fury of domestic drama as we have not met since Strindberg. Originally, the piece was too long; it has been cut, but even so it is a ferocious experience.

These "haunted Tyrones," guilt-laden, bitter, unhappy, hopeless—the epithets string on—fight away the long day's journey, tormenting each other, tormenting themselves, drinking, doping,

pining, smothered in self-pity. Outside, fog covers the world. Within, there is no light. It is a play that never lets up: O'Neill, writing on remorselessly, is releasing his soul in a picture of scenes he lived through himself (for he is the younger boy, neurotic and consumptive). He wrote the play, so he said, "with deep pity and understanding and forgiveness for all the haunted Tyrones." It is true that, at journey's end, we know these people as thoroughly as we have known any stage characters of recent years: the drug-addict mother who drifts off through the night upon clouds of morphine, the self-deceiving father (who had been an actor), the drunken elder son, the feverish younger one: failures all. Undeniably a haunted play, violent and repetitive though it is: it will live for me—and I wait with anxiety for the London production—in the acting of Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as the wife who must go back forever into her past. Ian Bannen and Alan Bates express the frenzy of the sons, and Anthony Quayle, though it is not really his part, will probably grow into a likeness of the father: clearly he understands the part, but his own temperament, and that of the man, are at odds. This makes an uncanny night, and one that José Quintero, the American director, has known how to heighten.

I cannot say much of Gerard McLarnon's "The Bonefire" (a County Tyrone pronunciation), the Ulster Group Theatre's contribution to the Festival. One can regret, maybe, that so distinguished a director as Tyrone Guthrie—and we do not meet enough of his work nowadays—has wasted himself upon so undistinguished a play: a noisy, chaotic affair about religious fanaticism in Northern Ireland. The idea was to harrow us with pity and terror: I found myself wondering what in the world the script of the piece might have looked like without Guthrie's art to strengthen it. It must have been a battle-royal to get it upon the stage.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"GARDEN DISTRICT" (Arts Theatre).—Two new plays by Tennessee Williams, directed by Herbert Machiz. (September 16.)

"MARY STUART" (Old Vic).—The new season opens with Stephen Spender's version of Schiller's drama, direct from Edinburgh, and reviewed on this page. (September 17.)

"THE HEART'S A WONDER" (Westminster).—Musical version of "The Playboy of the Western World." (September 18.)



"THE PLAY REACHES US AS A ROYAL ACTING CONFLICT": MARY (IRENE WORTH, LEFT) AND ELIZABETH (CATHERINE LACEY) IN THE CONFRONTATION SCENE IN THE OLD VIC'S PRODUCTION OF SCHILLER'S "MARY STUART," WHICH OPENED AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL AND IS NOW TO BE SEEN AT THE OLD VIC THEATRE, IN LONDON.



"THE OTHER BATTLE-ROYAL OF EDINBURGH": EUGENE O'NEILL'S "LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT" (LYCEUM THEATRE, EDINBURGH)—A SCENE WITH (L. TO R.) EDMUND, THE YOUNGER SON (ALAN BATES), CATHLEEN, THE IRISH MAID (ETAIN O'DELL), JAMES (IAN BANNEN), MRS. TYRONE (GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES), AND MR. HUSBAND JAMES (ANTHONY QUAYLE).

Catherine Lacey in proud, full sail. Miss Worth has the sad, steady regality and the sudden flame of Mary of Scotland ("O belle et plus que belle!"), and Miss Lacey, who appears at one point to have been—how shall I put it?—wrought angrily in enamels, does not mitigate Schiller's idea of the Queen: an idea which, of course, has been contested hotly. Carlyle said of this Elizabeth that it was

Quintero, the American director, has known how to heighten.

SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



ARSENAL AND ENGLAND FOOTBALLER :

THE LATE MR. DAVID JACK.

Mr. David Jack, a great Arsenal forward, died in London on September 10, aged 60. He had the distinction of scoring the first goal in a Cup Final played at Wembley, when his club, Bolton Wanderers, beat West Ham United in 1923. He transferred to Arsenal five years later, a transfer fee of £10,000 being paid. His last game for Arsenal was in 1934. He then became manager of Southend United.

A FAMOUS EMIGRANT POET : THE LATE
MR. ROBERT SERVICE.

Mr. Robert W. Service, the poet whose "Songs of a Sourdough" and other similar verse earned him the title of "the Canadian Kipling," died last week at Lancieux, Brittany. He was 84. Mr. Service was born in Preston, Lancashire, the eldest of ten children. After working with the Commercial Bank of Scotland in Glasgow he emigrated to Canada when he was 21. "Songs of a Sourdough" appeared in 1907.

A VICTORY SMILE: MAINE'S NEW GOVERNOR,
CLINTON A. CLAUSEN.

This photograph, taken in Waterville, Maine, U.S.A., on September 8, shows Mr. Clinton A. Clausen, a leading member of the Democratic Party, just after he had heard the news that he had defeated his Republican opponent, the former Maine Governor, Horace A. Hildreth, by 142,000 to 131,000 votes. The sweeping Democratic gains in Maine have caused anxiety to Republicans.



A GREAT AUSTRALIAN BATSMAN :

THE LATE MR. CHARLES G. MACARTNEY.

Mr. C. G. Macartney, the most daring Australian batsman of his day, died on September 8 in Sydney at the age of 72. He was first noticed as an all-rounder but developed into a sparkling, hard-hitting batsman. He first came to England for Test-match cricket in 1909, and in the 35 Test-match performances of his career he made 2132 runs, with an average of 41. In 1921 he scored 345 against Notts.

INDIAN MEDICAL SERVICE : THE LATE
SIR BENNETT HANCE.

Lieut.-General Sir Bennett Hance, Director-General of the Indian Medical Service in the closing years of British authority and the last President of the Medical Board at the India Office, died on September 5, aged 71. He was born at Liscard, Cheshire, and educated at Oundle School, Cambridge, and Guy's Hospital. He passed into the Indian Medical Service in 1912 and served with Indian troops throughout the First World War.

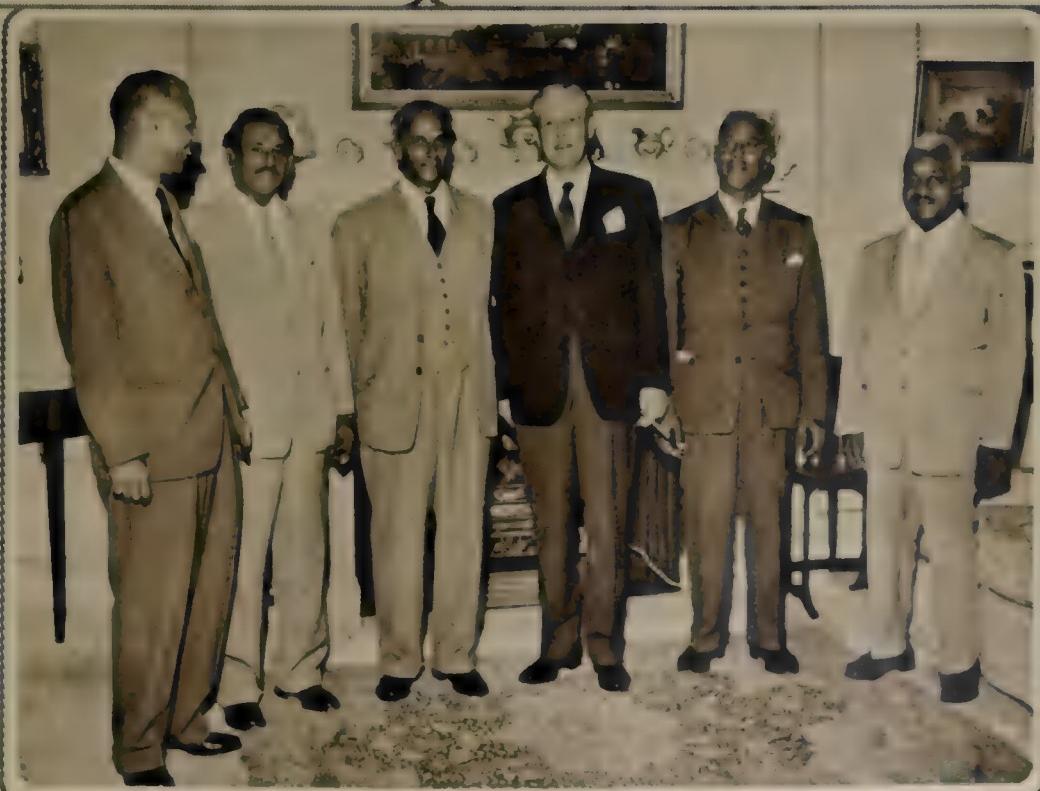
THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA'S NEW CABINET, SHOWN IN A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER THE
SWEARING-IN CEREMONY AT PREMIER HOUSE ON SEPTEMBER 2.

The members are, sitting from left : Dr. T. E. Dinges (Interior) ; Mr. P. O. Sauer (Lands and Water Affairs) ; Dr. H. F. Verwoerd (Premier) ; the Governor-General (Dr. E. C. Jansen) ; Mr. C. R. Swart (Justice) and Mr. E. H. Louw (External Affairs). Standing from left : Mr. J. J. Serfontein (Welfare) ; Mr. M. de Wet Nel (Education) ; Dr. A. J. R. van Rhijn (Mines) ; Sen. J. de Klerk (Labour) ; Mr. B. J. Schoeman (Transport) ; Mr. P. le Roux (Agriculture) ; Mr. F. C. Erasmus (Defence) and Mr. J. F. Naude (Finance).

AFTER TERRORIST ATTACK IN PARIS :
FRENCH INFORMATION MINISTER

JACQUES SOUSTELLE.

This photograph was taken on Sept. 15 when M. Jacques Soustelle, wearing strips of sticking plaster on his forehead, talked to the Press in Paris after he had been shot at by North African terrorists. Soustelle, the Government's strongest advocate of close integration between France and Algeria, was sitting in his car in central Paris when the machine-gunned opened fire.

PRIME MINISTERS MEET AT 10, DOWNING STREET TO DISCUSS THE RECENT OUTBREAKS OF
RACE RIOTING IN NOTTING HILL, LONDON.

This photograph, taken inside 10, Downing Street, on September 12, shows, l. to r. : Dr. Patrick Solomon (Deputy Chief Minister of Trinidad) ; the Hon. Ram Karan (Minister for Communications, British Guiana) ; Mr. N. W. Manley (Chief Minister, Jamaica) ; Mr. Harold Macmillan, Dr. Carl la Corbinere (Deputy Prime Minister of the West Indies Federation) and Dr. H. E. H. Cummins (Premier of Barbados).

OUTSIDE THEIR HOTEL IN LAUSANNE : QUEEN ZEIN, QUEEN MOTHER OF JORDAN, WITH
KING HUSSEIN'S DAUGHTER, PRINCESS ALIYA (LEFT), AND TWO OF HER OWN CHILDREN.
Queen Zein, Queen Mother of Jordan, left Amman by air for Switzerland on September 1. She was accompanied by her granddaughter, 2½-year-old Princess Aliya, only daughter of King Hussein, and by her daughter, Princess Basman. Her son, Prince Hassan, joined her later. It was stated that Queen Zein was to undergo medical treatment, and that her stay in Switzerland would be for an "indefinite period."

A GREAT DAY FOR TONGA: THE SIGNING OF A NEW TREATY OF FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND THE KINGDOM OF TONGA, AT NUKU'ALOFA.



THE RESIDENCE OF QUEEN SALOTE, WHO SUCCEEDED HER FATHER IN 1918 : THE ROYAL PALACE AT NUKU'ALOFA, THE CAPITAL OF TONGA.



ARRIVING TO SIGN THE NEW TREATY : SIR RONALD GARVEY, GOVERNOR OF FIJI (RIGHT), BEING GREETED BY PRINCE TUNGI, PREMIER AND HEIR APPARENT OF TONGA. THE BRITISH AGENT AND CONSUL, MR. A. C. REID, IS ON THE LEFT.



CELEBRATING THE GREAT OCCASION AND ENTERTAINING THE ISLAND'S VISITORS : TONGA DANCERS PERFORMING A "LAKALAKA."



ON ARRIVAL AT THE ROYAL PALACE AT NUKU'ALOFA : SIR RONALD GARVEY, THE GOVERNOR OF FIJI, INSPECTING THE PALACE GUARD.



AT THE ROYAL FEAST GIVEN BY QUEEN SALOTE IN HONOUR OF THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY : SOME OF THE HUNDREDS OF GUESTS, WITH A HUGE ARRAY OF FOOD BEFORE THEM.



CHILDREN'S CORNER AT THE ROYAL FEAST : SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF PRINCE TUNGI, PRINCE TUIPELEHAKE, THE BRITISH AGENT, AND OTHER ISLAND NOTABLES WAIT FOR THE MEAL TO START.

On August 26 a new Treaty of Friendship between the United Kingdom and the Kingdom of Tonga was signed at Nuku'alofa, the capital of Tonga. Sir Ronald Garvey, Governor of Fiji, signed on behalf of the Queen, and the Prime Minister of Tonga, Prince Tungi, on behalf of his mother, Queen Salote, who was on such great popularity when she came to this country for the Coronation. The Queen sent "her warmest good wishes" in a message to Queen

Salote, in which she said: "The association between our two States has for long been a happy one, and it is my sincere desire that the new treaty should strengthen the bonds of friendship between them." The Queen has also approved the promotion of Prince Tungi to K.B.E. Tonga, also known as the Friendly Islands, consists of a group of some 150 islands and islets, lying in the Pacific Ocean, east of Fiji. It has been an independent Polynesian



AT NUKU'ALOFA ON AUGUST 26 : SIR RONALD GARVEY AND PRINCE TUNGI SIGNING THE NEW TREATY OF FRIENDSHIP.



A PRESENTATION TO MARK THE GREAT DAY : THE GOVERNOR OF FIJI HANDING TO QUEEN SALOTE A MACE FOR USE IN THE TONGAN LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

kingdom since 1845. By the Anglo-German Agreement of 1899, subsequently accepted by the United States, the Tongan Islands were left under the Protectorate of Great Britain. This was confirmed by a treaty of friendship between the two countries in 1900, and it is this treaty that is being replaced and brought up to date by the new treaty, the chief practical effect of which is that the Tongan Government will have more control over the

internal affairs of the islands, while external affairs will, in general, remain the responsibility of the United Kingdom. Queen Salote succeeded her father, King George II, in 1918, and her rule has brought much good to the islanders, who number about 57,000 and are Christian. They enjoy free education, medical attendance and dental treatment. Tongan produce consists very largely of copra and bananas, of which considerable quantities are exported.



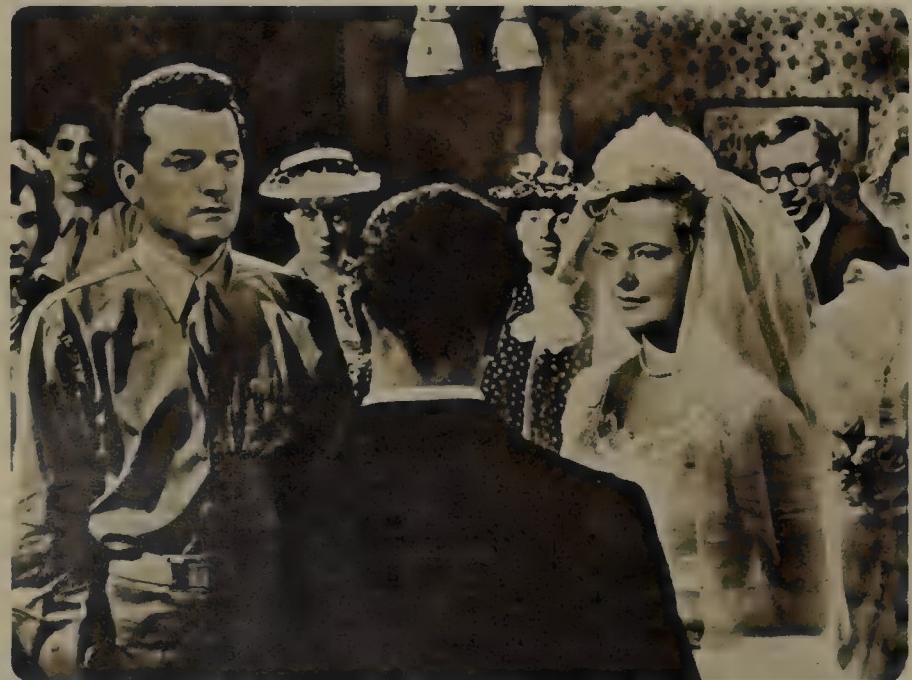
THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

EDINBURGH—THIS YEAR, NEXT YEAR

ON January 25 next year will fall the bicentenary of the birth of Robert Burns. This may possibly be news to the English, the Welsh, the Irish, the American and any other readers of our language. But for Scots, at home and the wide world over, the date is what the vastly inferior poet called Tennyson would have called "the one far-off divine event, to which the whole Creation moves," and they have for long been preparing for the celebration.

Books are being written and printed; odes—in that formidably difficult Burns stanza, so limited in its rhymes—are being pondered if not penned; concerts and dramatic entertainments are planned and even rehearsed already. In the world of radio and Television, projects are almost certainly afoot likewise. But what does the world of the cinema propose to do about this not unimportant occasion?

If it proposes to give us a full-length biographical film about Burns, it has been so unduly modest in its publicity that I have heard nothing about such a desirable project. Willingly would I write a scenario for this myself—at the drop of a hat with a purse in it! The Edinburgh Festival reveals, in point of fact, that Scotland is not particularly go-ahead in the matter of film-making. Two short films at previous Festivals, called "Waverley Steps" and "Tam o' Shanter" are still talked about, but ~~are~~ never revived. A third, "The Land of Robert Burns," seemed to me enchanting, and I would willingly see it again and again, if ever I saw it advertised anywhere. On the other hand, I would not willingly ~~see~~ again any one of the five films in this year's "All-Scottish Programme" which seemed mainly to be concerned with sport and industry.



THE "ACCOUNT ■ A POOR SCREEN-STRUCK MARYLAND GIRL WHO ACHIEVED ■ ONE AMBITION—TO BE A ■ FAMOUS AND POPULAR FILM-STAR": "THE GODDESS" ■—THE SCENE AT THE MARRIAGE ■ EMILY ANN FAULKNER (KIM STANLEY) TO JOHN TOWER (STEVE HILL). (LONDON PREMIERE: CURZON CINEMA, AUGUST 15.)

Full well I know that the Edinburgh Festival preens itself on being "international," and that this applies to the films likewise. But however much it preens and protests, I shall go on maintaining that it ought to consider being national as well as international. From all I hear and overhear, year after year, at these enjoyable jamborees, I have a conviction that the countless visitors, especially those from abroad, come to Edinburgh with the hope of seeing Scottish arts and crafts, plays, films—and that they feel more than a little fobbed off if they ~~are~~ only given the films, plays, arts and crafts of every other creative nation in the world. That is all there is to be said about that, and it is said now.

The only two full-length English-speaking films at this year's Edinburgh Festival were the British "A Cry from the Streets" (which I discoursed upon

By ALAN DENT.

a fortnight ago) and the American "The Goddess." This last is a very long and interesting—or, at least, exasperatingly interesting—account of a poor screen-struck Maryland girl who achieved her one ambition—to be a famous and popular film-star—and then gradually lost her fame and popularity through over-addiction to the bottle and the hypodermic needle.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



KIM STANLEY AS EMILY ANN FAULKNER IN COLUMBIA'S "THE GODDESS," WHICH HAS BEEN SHOWN AT EDINBURGH. In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "Kim Stanley's performance in 'The Goddess' (directed by John Cromwell) is nothing if not full-blooded. She is an American actress who recently made her first appearance here in Tennessee Williams's play, 'Cat on a Hot Tin Roof,' and subsequently appeared as an eloquent advocate of 'The Method' in a memorable Television discussion of that controversial, somewhat muddled and mysterious subject. In this film Miss Stanley is apparently putting some of her theories into practice with results which I have tried to describe in the surrounding article."

For sheer succinctness I cannot hope to equal the prose account of this film in that useful quarterly called "The Living Film." It says of its heroine: "From being an unwanted child in a Southern town, she achieves her ambition, becomes a top-flight film star; but her way to the top is by the stepping-stones of promiscuity, two loveless marriages, religious mania, and alcohol. At the pinnacle of her success she lives on pills and becomes a suicidal alcoholic. Her first marriage, to the neurotic soldier-son of a film star, increases her unhappiness. She divorces him, leaving their unwanted daughter with her mother, and goes to Hollywood.

There she meets and marries an ex-prize-fighter. This marriage is equally unsuccessful. The film is in effect three stories: the girl, the young woman, the Goddess."

But she is a goddess with such a small amount of charm, and with feet of such palpable clay!

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"RAINTREE COUNTY" (M.-G.-M. Generally Released: September 8).—One of America's longest novels turned, more or less successfully, into what is a very long film, though it has some interesting half-hours contributed by Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Nigel Patrick in a very-much-out-of-character part.

"THE GOLDEN AGE OF COMEDY" (Eros. Generally Released: September 1).—A happy, hilarious, and nostalgic synthesis of the best in very old films of the past—including Laurel and Hardy, Ben Turpin, Harry Langdon and the Keystone Cops. Recommended to the old and ageing—but the young, I am pleased to hear, also revel in it.

One of the shrewdest and most experienced men in the whole world of the cinema, Paul Rotha, has his judgment upon this film quoted in the same magazine: "For all its faults—and it has many—'The Goddess' is an adult, sincere, and worthwhile picture which I shall remember with pleasure. . . ." I can agree only with the first clause in this pronouncement, for I find the film adult only in the sense that it is a warning to teen-agers, often quite insincere, hardly ever worthwhile, and already far less easily remembered in detail than two other far better pictures from the hand of the same script-writer, Paddy Chayefsky—these two films being "Marty" and "The Bachelor Party."

Oddly enough, all the supporting characters of the all-pervading heroine—the two husbands, the child, the mother who passes on her religious mania to her daughter—are already curiously dim in recollection; and I am certain that this is because they are neither well-drawn nor well-played. The heroine-actress herself is well-drawn, and she is played with a remarkable incisiveness and vibrancy by Kim Stanley, though I should hesitate to call this great or even good acting. It breaks, indeed, the very first rule of any kind of acting in that far too much of its vocal delivery is quite inaudible. A certain kind of shouting is as inaudible in the cinema as it is in the theatre; and many of Miss Stanley's observations are sent over with—a certain kind of shouting! I know that this is all part of the Strasberg-out-of-



A SUICIDE ATTEMPT FOILED: THE SECRETARY (ELIZABETH WILSON, LEFT), JOHN TOWER, AND EMILY ANN FAULKNER IN A SCENE FROM COLUMBIA'S "THE GODDESS," WHICH IS WRITTEN BY PADDY CHAYEFSKY.

Stanislavsky Method, which in its general application or misapplication means slouching and mumbling instead of walking and talking. But I for one do not propose to go on being slouched upon and mumbled at for whole two-hour sessions without uttering at least an occasional whimper of protest.

The pity of it is that Miss Stanley could obviously be a very good actress if she used even the accepted amount of control. When the character is shouting at her mother: "I never want to see you again—not even in your grave!" she passes the limits of tolerability. But when, shortly afterwards, this goddess goes to her mother's funeral, she gives us, for a second or two, a real mask of stupefied grief which is—before she breaks into sobs and shouting again—quite moving.

SUMMER TRAINING FOR A WINTER SPORT: SKI-JUMPING INTO WATER IN NORWAY.



PREPARING TO TAKE TO THE WATER: A WELL-KNOWN NORWEGIAN SKI-JUMPER READY TO START HIS RUN AT THE TOP OF THE SKI WATER-JUMP INTO A LAKE NEAR OSLO.



A COOL FINISH AFTER A FAST RUN DOWN THE GREASED SKI-JUMP: A JUMPER PLUNGING INTO THE WATER WITH SOMETHING OF A SPLASH.



THE CRITICAL POINT OF TAKE-OFF: THE JUMPER SHEDS HIS SKIS AT THE END OF THE RUN AND CONTINUES THROUGH THE AIR TO DIVE GRACEFULLY INTO THE WATER.

Norwegian ski-jumpers have recently solved the problem of training for their difficult sport during the snowless months of summer. Members of the "Stabaek Sports Club" of Oslo have built a jumping hill at the shore of a lake near the city, and have developed a technique for ski-jumping which ends with a dive—or sometimes a plunge—into the waters of the lake. Using small skis, they gain considerable speed on the greased run, which covers a drop of about 30 ft., and ends some 9 ft. above the water. For the perfect



THE END OF A PERFECT JUMP: THE SKIS HAVING ALREADY FALLEN INTO THE WATER THE JUMPER DIVES IN SOME 30 FT. FROM THE END OF THE RUN.

jump you shed your skis as you come to the end of the run and then prepare to dive easily into the water as you fly through the air for about 30 ft. Considerable skill, daring, and accuracy are needed to achieve a perfect jump. Some of Norway's best ski-jumpers have tried this method of summer training for the traditional winter ski-jumping, and have expressed strong approval of it. The success of the water ski-jumping near Oslo has led to plans for building a number of similar jumps elsewhere in Norway.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IS it possible to write a historical tragedy, of great depth, and, as it were, passionately clinical, almost while passing through it? If so, "The Fire of Milan," by Riccardo Bachelli (Secker and Warburg; 18s.), is the demonstration. It is bizarre, certainly, and too subtle for English readers, and perhaps only a near-miss; but it is deeply startling and absorbing. And quite unlike the broad, fluent, limpidly accessible "Mill on the Po": as different, indeed, as fire and water. Here even the structure takes one aback, with an alternation of narrative and dialogue—bare, dramatic dialogue. Reality itself, says the author, imposed two movements—"that of the narrative, broad and flowing, and that of the drama, intense and urgent": a drama coming to maturity in the fated city, and to its climax in a villa under the Alps, endowed by legend with the seemingly fated name of Alma Dannata—*The Damned Soul*.

The historic moment is the summer of 1943, when Italy hung between two wars. The leading actors are a quartet. First, the wealthy, high-minded Melania and her son Donato—representatives of an upper class that has washed its hands. Melania's father was a naturalised German banker. His world expired in 1914; this soon carried him off; and Melania, widowed after a year's bliss with a raptly adoring husband, shut herself up in music, hypercritical idealism, and devotion to her son. Now that she is middle-aged, they are both paying for it. She has made Donato hypercritical like herself, but at her expense, and his own. In disgust at music, he took a science degree. In disgust at his mother's clique of draft-dodgers—the upshot of anti-Fascism in an ivory tower—he scouts any distinction between wars, and admits no duty but the soldier's. Only he didn't die; he has returned from a weird, sinister immunity with a nervous breakdown. Meanwhile, the still-golden Valkyrie is ravaged by repressed sex, and almost hating Donato for being born. These dupes of pride are complemented by the believing sinner Armida, and her rebel-lover Gaspare della Morte—outcasts of faith and action. They become a quartet because Melania, in her aberrance, is infatuated with the "lost woman"; but on the day of wrath, they are together on a new plane. It finds them all at Alma Dannata: Gaspare, now a leader of partisans, in hiding, Melania confronting a German officer as overstrung as herself, Armida pursued by an Italian viper.... This fifth act is extraordinary: Jacobean tragedy, with a touch of Verdi perhaps. The "flowing" chapters have no dialogue, and would be rather daunting anyhow; yet there is at least equal fascination in their wit, pungency and intensity of concern. As the author says (though of his material)—"A very potent and bitter wine."

OTHER FICTION.

"Strangers in the Land," by Henri Troyat (Arco; 18s.), sadly concludes a long, long Russian trilogy. I mean it is sad to say good-bye. We first met the Arapovs, and Tania's Michael, and Kisiakov, the bloated Russian Mephistopheles, around 1890; here, those who survived the Revolution are gradually fetching up in Paris. The Danovs might be worse off; they have each other and the boys, and though Michael has lost his fortune and the family business, he is an optimist who likes work. Rather to Tania's exasperation; she is the same childish, disarming figure as of old. By 1922, they have settled in—"How comfortable you are here!" cries her brother Akim, fresh from the camp at Gallipoli. This ex-colonel of Hussars is now full of pathos. While Kisiakov, as doorman of the Poulain Bossu, is truly superb. He alone remains lord of fate—never more so than when finally struck by impotence at the bedside of a rich client. After a moment's horror, he has not only reacted but wrapped her up. However, his end is duly sticky. Boris, the younger Danov, adapts himself; and we see him off to a new war. Meanwhile, the nostalgic atmosphere has been unconfined.

"The Winthrop Woman," by Anya Seton (Hodder and Stoughton; 18s.), is an enormous chunk of thoroughly documented, romantic history, about the Puritan settlement of Boston. Elizabeth Feake or Winthrop, *née* Fones, niece and daughter-in-law to the Governor of Massachusetts, was a black sheep and embarrassment at the time—eyed askance by witch-hunters, and harried from pillar to post as an adulteress. Now she makes a valiant, untrammelled heroine; and there is plenty of colour and action in the New World, with its cast of sectarians, Indians and Dutchmen. Only we take nearly a third of the book to get there.

"A Penknife in My Heart," by Nicholas Blake (Collins; 12s. 6d.), deals with an "exchange" murder. A scoundrel and amateur yachtsman named Charles Hammer has an unwanted uncle. A would-be playwright, Ned Stowe, has an unwanted wife. They meet as strangers, in the bar of the Nelson Arms; but Ned is there with his girl, and Charles can lip-read. So he buttonholes the young man; and soon they are under contract to "dispose of each other's rabbish".... Strictly "made up"; one can't believe it of Ned for a split second, after all the author's extenuations. But a perfect artefact, beautifully contrived, and gripping all through.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM ALBANY TO ULU—AND THE HIGH SEAS.

I HAVE always enjoyed visiting such of my friends as have from time to time lived in chambers at the Albany. In the days when "a good address" mattered a great deal, and a young lady could exclaim at a dinner-party that "she had lived all her life in Mayfair, so was full of superstitions about Belgravia," young men of ambition, means and promise were fortunate if they could find a set of rooms vacant at the Albany. More than a century ago, as Sheila Birkenhead quotes in her "Peace in Piccadilly, The Story of the Albany" (Hamish Hamilton; 25s.), Marmion Savage wrote a book entitled "The Bachelor of the Albany," in which he wrote:

You know the Albany—the haunt of bachelors, or of married men who try to lead bachelors' lives—the dread of suspicious wives, the retreat of superannuated fops, the hospital for incurable oddities, a cluster of solitudes for social hermits, the home of homeless gentlemen, the diner-out and the diner-in, the place for the fashionable thrifty, the luxurious lonely, and the modish morose, the votaries of melancholy, and lovers of mutton-chops. He knowest not Western London who is a stranger to the narrow arcades of chambers that forms a private thoroughfare between Piccadilly and Burlington Gardens, guarded at each end by a fierce porter, or man-mastiff, whose duty it is to receive letters, cards and parcels, and repulse intrusive wives, disagreeable fathers, and importunate tradesmen.

Lamentable as Marmion Savage's style may be, his sledge-hammer alliterations have hit this elusive nail on the head. The Albany was—perhaps, but I do not believe it, and it still is—exactly like that. Starting life as Melbourne House, it sheltered the sprightly Lady Melbourne and her sleepy husband until Christmas 1791.

After its period as York House, the Albany set out on its new career in 1803. Lady Birkenhead gives us some elegant and well-drawn pictures of some of those who set up house there. There is Byron, fencing away and writing letters to Lady Melbourne from "my and your Albany rooms"; "Monk" Lewis, somewhat encumbered by his massive and over-whiskered gondolier; Wordsworth kneeling down to family prayers with Gladstone; Lytton's wife being removed, screaming hysterically; Macaulay entertaining Ellis with lobstercurry—woodcock, and macaroni; Richard le Gallienne and Aubrey Beardsley leading the *Aesthetic* movement of the 'nineties. I am not quite sure why Lady Birkenhead calls her delightful, entertaining and highly polished work "Peace in Piccadilly." All too often there was no peace, as when Mr. Daniel Gundry kept off the police with pistols and swordsticks. "Other inhabitants of Albany must have found him a very trying neighbour," writes Lady Birkenhead. "Sometimes he would stand in the hall and insult everyone who tried to pass him. At others he would take it into his head to break all the windows. Or he would have a cab in the Albany court-yard and sit in it for hours together, looking at the heavens, and obstructing the passage of anyone who wished to enter the building." No, life in Albany Chambers cannot have been all lobstercurry and woodcock, but even its eccentricities were on a generous scale.

Leaving Piccadilly for the jungles of Malaya, I found "Noone of the Ulu," by Dennis Holman (Heinemann; 21s.), rather disappointing. Pat Noone was an anthropologist who became fascinated by the Temiar tribe of aborigines in Northern Malaya. He married the daughter of one of them, lived as a member of the tribe and made a close study of their customs. In the war he joined the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, but he and his company got separated from them during an action against the Japanese, and Pat disappeared. Later his brother Richard, who had accompanied Pat to Malaya, was called on by Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer to counteract the influence of Malayan Communist-terrorists on the aborigines. In carrying out this operation he got news of Pat, and found that he had been murdered. Pat, for all his self-dedication and undoubted heroism, seemed to me an odd and inexplicable character. Perhaps there is a book to be written about him, but I am afraid that I do not think this is it.

If there was one historical figure about whose identity I felt pretty sure (in a 1066-and-all-that kind of way), it was Christopher Columbus. But M. Merrien, author of "Christopher Columbus, the Mariner and the Man" (Odhams; 25s.), tells me that I am wrong. It seems that no one knows who he actually was. M. Merrien does not think that he was either Genoese or a Jew, preferring to accept a theory that he was a Catalan pirate. Even in this rather unenticing rôle he seems to have played a far from admirable part. It is all very well to be, as the author displays him, a genius, a sailor and a poet, if you launch the expedition for which you are responsible on "a course of bloodshed, cupidity, debauchery, lies and abominations of all kinds."

Lastly, Captain Frank Knight, who has written a number of books about the sea, has now produced "The Sea Story" (Macmillan; 21s.), a historical survey which begins with the Argonauts and Odysseus, and ends with the swan-song of sail. This is most readable, as well as authoritative.

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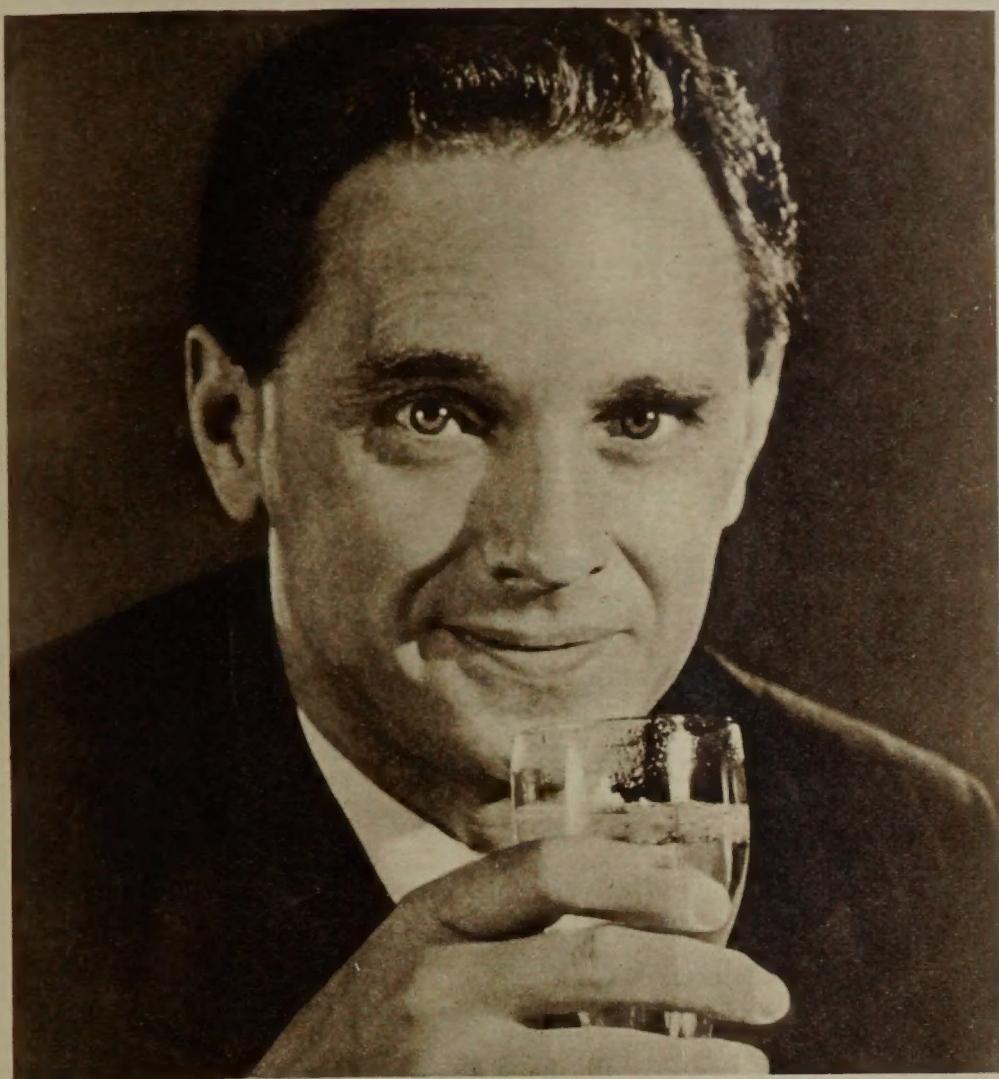
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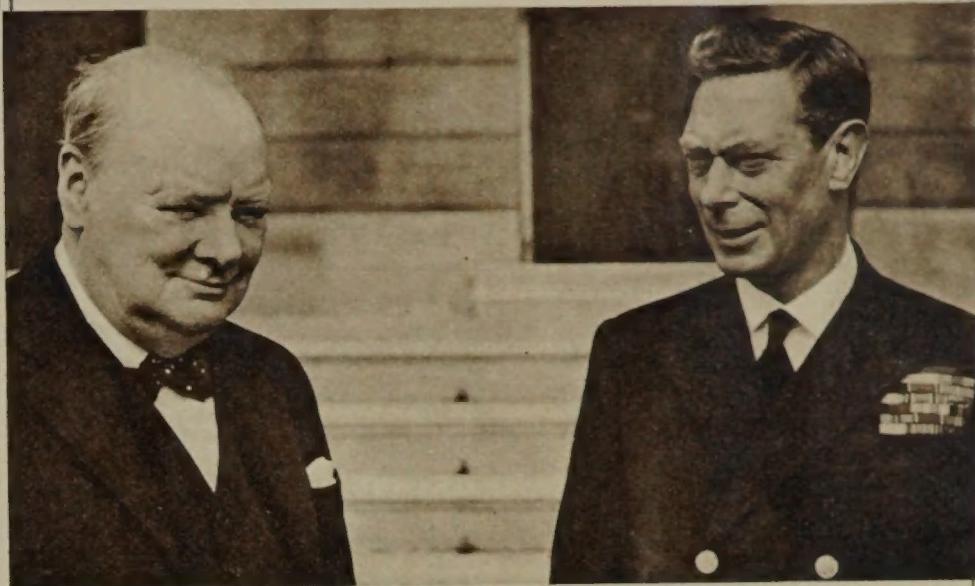
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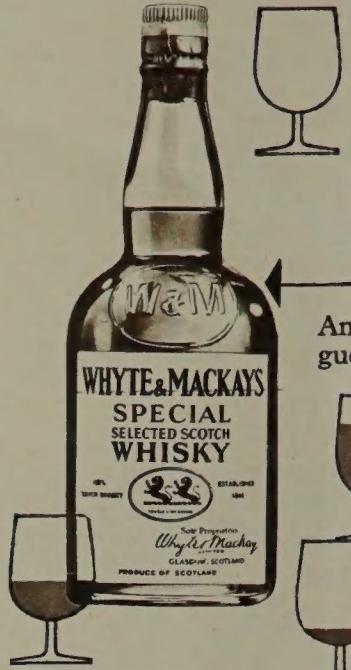
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people from abroad . . . he's very
cosmopolitan, or something.

And he always offers his distinguished
guests Whyte & Mackays.



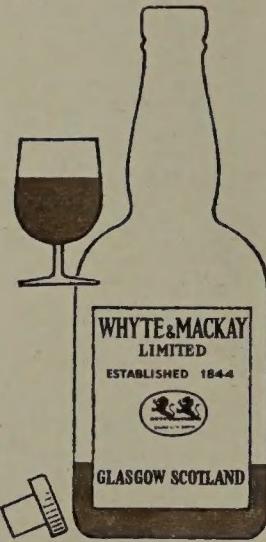
I remember the Iberian Minister who asked if it was right
or not to put soda in one's whisky,
and Dad said, yes, it was right or not,
according to one's taste. Many
people preferred a long drink.

"But there are others, of whom I am one,"
Dad said, "who so revere their
Whyte & Mackays that they drink it neat."

* * * * *

"Sublime whisky, Whyte & Mackays," Dad says.
"A voluptuous pandering to the sybarite in us. Whyte & Mackays
Special is the very quintessence of splendid whisky."

(Dad's always been noted for his speeches.)



But you should hear him when he
bangs on the table here, just like
on the Despatch Box, and says how
hard it is to get Whyte & Mackays
because of those (unparliamentary
language) Scots who believe that
Whyte & Mackays is their very own whisky!
Well, we must all come to the aid of the
Party, and so I'll leave this Whyte & Mackays
to Dad.

ME . . . WITH THIS BOTTLE? WHY,
NOTHING DAD! JUST ANTICIPATING
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GENTLEMAN'S
WISH FOR A Whyte & Mackays.



DOWCESTER
CREAM

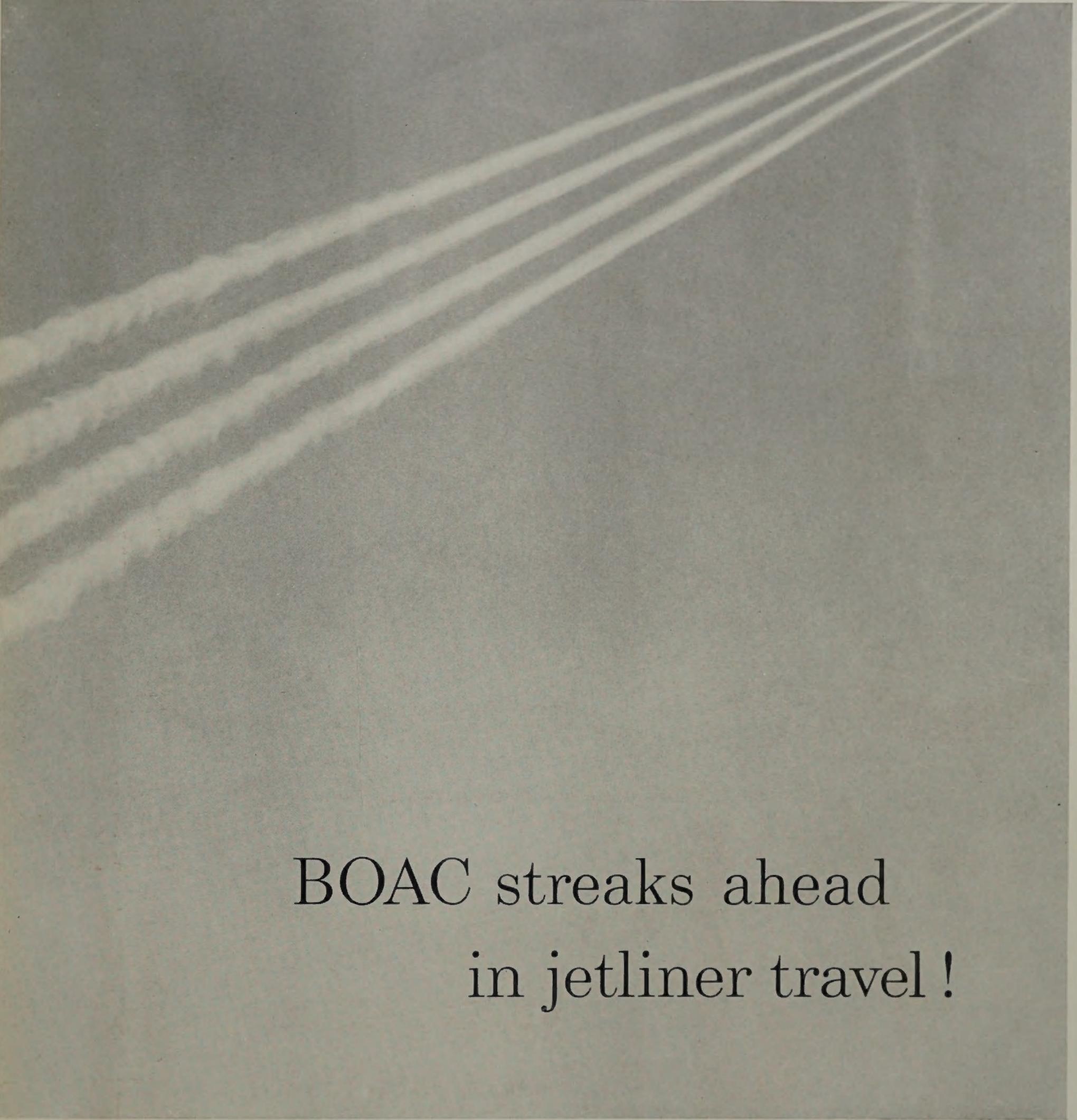


The Sherry
Superb

Nearly 200 years ago British
gourmets first savoured the
delights of John Burgess's
Anchovy Specialities.



BURGESS'
ANCHOVY PASTE
is first choice of the gourmet today



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PROOF? Yes, indeed. BOAC Britannias, first jet-age airliners to fly the Atlantic, are proudly serving you today . . . and new Comet jetliners are already breaking records on transatlantic training flights in preparation for their introduction on the Atlantic later this year. Delivery of a fleet of magnificent BOAC 707 jetliners is expected next year . . . and already earmarked for BOAC early in the 1960's is a fleet of revolutionary new VC-10 jetliners — fastest, most powerful on the drawing board today. This is how BOAC is thinking and planning and acting . . . determined as always to lead the world in air travel — today and all the tomorrows to come.

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BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

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world
swing...



SYDNEY



TORONTO

is to
Rothmans
KING SIZE

The world's
largest selling
KING SIZE
virginia cigarette

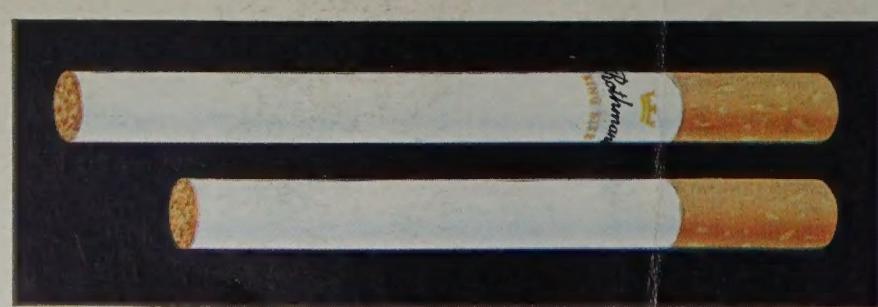
Rothmans King Size continues to outsell all other king size Virginia cigarettes in the World as smokers make first cigarette switch in over half a century.

In 1951 the Rothman Group introduced their new idea in smoking —KING SIZE FILTER. In that short time smokers have thrown off the habits of over half a century and are switching from old short cigarettes to the modern KING SIZE FILTER which is sweeping the cigarette markets of the world.



LONDON

Extra tobacco length plus finer filter
Priced at 3/II for 20



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MAKE THE KING SIZE TEST

Place your old cigarette on this actual size comparison chart. Rothmans King Size gives you real tobacco length with the filter added. Compare the extra length of Virginia tobacco. Compare the flavour—Compare the finer filter.

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